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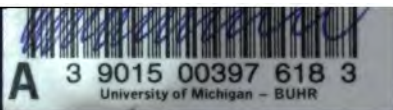
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MARY TUDOR.







MARY TUDOR.





MARY TUDOR

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

IN TWO PARTS.

395-67

BY THE LATE

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
GEORGE BELL & SONS,
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1884.



•

An if I be a worm mine office is
Like his which spins a thread that shall attire
The noblest of the land ; and when his task
Is rightly done, sleeps, and puts forth again
His powers in wings that waft him like an angel,
Onward from flower to flower and up to heaven.

TO THE
LORD MONTEAGLE OF BRANDON

This Drama is dedicated,

ACCORDING TO THE INTENTION OF THE AUTHOR,

AND IN MEMORY OF A LOVE

FRATERNAL, AND LASTING TO THE END.

1847.



MEMOIR.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE was born at Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, on the 28th of August, 1788. He received his school education at Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Lord Byron, and of Sir Robert Peel, the latter of whom once wrote, to save his friend trouble, a copy of Latin verses so good that the "fine Roman hand" was well-nigh detected, and the two boys with difficulty escaped punishment. He went to no University. He was little more than eighteen when, on the 12th of May, 1807, he married Mary, eldest daughter of Stephen Edward Rice, Esq., and sister of the late Lord Mont-eagle. His affection for the latter exceeded that which commonly unites brothers, and constituted the chief friendship of his life. In his earlier boyhood he had been placed at Ambleside, under the care of a private tutor, the Rev. John Dawes ; and the beautiful scenery of the lake country, two visits to which were among the happiest incidents of his maturer years, early taught him that appreciation of Nature which marked his poetry at a time when

the power of describing rural beauty with truth and vividness was less valued than in later days. Walking, after the lapse of forty-five years, beside the Rotha, one of the clear streams of that country, he recognized and pointed out with delight the rock from which he had first cast his line into the water, at the age of twelve. A scene once beheld, indeed, he never forgot; and, as was remarked by a painter, it might have been delineated from his description. Its characteristic features were those which impressed him, not the objects most striking when taken by themselves. His first poetry was prompted by his love of Nature; but he produced comparatively little till he was past thirty, and then it was the drama which attracted him. "Julian the Apostate" was published in 1822, and dedicated to the Earl of Limerick, brother of his mother, who had resided with him during the years of her widowhood. In 1823 his second drama, "The Duke of Mercia," appeared, and was dedicated to his father-in-law.

The sonnet was with him to the last a favourite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honours of his later life. For his earlier sonnets he had found a model chiefly in the Italian poets, especially Petrarch and Filicaja. Like

Filicaja also, who so well deserved the inscription graven on his tomb, "*qui gloriam literarum honestavit*," he valued the sonnet the more because its austere brevity, its severity, and its majestic completeness fit it especially for the loftier themes of song. We have heard of the "smooth sonneteer" with his "graceful amorous effusions," while, on the other hand, an eminent writer has sneered at the Sonnet as a penfold for luckless stray thoughts. As well might we go to some work of Pye for our type of the Epic. A true sonnet is characterized by greatness, not prettiness; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a combination of many thoughts, but the development of a single thought so large and fruitful as to be, latently, a poem. It is in poetry what a Collect is in devotion. Within its narrow compass there is room at once for meditation and for observation, for the imaginative and the impassioned: and these four blended elements, far from impairing, intensify its unity. Its philosophy is that of Intuitive Reason, and in the drily didactic it has no part. Its difficulty stimulates power where real power exists; and the spontaneity of poetic genius accepts the bracing discipline, and survives within it. In its solemn mood the sonnet seems as if it should be graven on marble: yet it can be buoyant as a flower, and bright as a

dewdrop. While enriched by rhymes, it also demands, like the Miltonic blank verse, a nobler music varying from the amplest to the subtlest cadences of metrical harmony. It requires a diction strong, pure, lucid and felicitous. It should end with an increased ascent and elevation, or else with a graduated dying away.*

The great modern master of the sonnet, Wordsworth, pronounced those of Sir Aubrey de Vere to be the most perfect of our age. Whether they illustrated Nature, embodied thought, or expressed imaginative emotion, his severe judgment noted in them the artist's hand faithful to the best ancient models, and the truthful soul of a poet. That form of composition suited the author's genius, which was serious. His poetry not only did not seek some allurements which have graced, or disgraced, much verse of a later date, but it dispensed also with many attractions which are irreproachable. It was as an utterance of man's spiritual being, and also of his affections, not of our lower passions, fancies, or dialectic crochets, that he chiefly valued poetry; and, in each case the sonnet, if an arduous, was also a truthful form for such expression. The sincerity of his poetic imagination is marked especially in those sonnets which refer, with a manly pathos, to a few linked to him by domestic

*

"Rising loudly

Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."—KEATS.

bonds, or by old association—some early removed, and one his survivor for nearly ten years—and not less in those which make confession of a religious faith that deepened in him with advancing years, but ever retained its childlike simplicity.

His political sonnets were in part inspired by a deeply-rooted chivalrous sentiment, by his devotion to monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions, and by his reverence for the past ; but they illustrate not less forcibly the compatibility of the most zealous loyalty with a genuine love of liberty, and breathe the spirit of an age when no one supposed the regal and the popular principles to be at variance, and when nobility stood remote from exclusiveness. This will be seen at once by one who compares his sonnets on Charles I. and James II. with those entitled the "Liberty of the Press," and "The True Basis of Power." Like Burke, if he hated Jacobinism, he hated despotism and oppression no less. Some would have called him a "moderate Tory," but he found no party with which he was in general sympathy. He was too much of the old Cavalier to be a "No Popery" and Protectionist Tory ; and as little did he admire such spurious Liberalism as "plunders churches to endow a school," and places its faith in a ballot "tempered" by secular education. By education he understood that which, by whatever means, develops the humani-

... attract instead by stimulating vanity or envy, discipline the moral nature, refine manners, sweeten life, and brighten its decline with an unshaken hope.

Sir Aubrey de Vere was in the true, but not the common sense of the word, a patriot, brooding like Wordsworth on the past greatness of his country, and like him, identifying her greatness in the ages to come with her growth, not in wealth, but in wisdom, in virtue, and in a temperate justice true to principle, and not mistaking prejudice for principle. His profound love for England, the land of his remoter ancestors, has left a record in the series of his historical sonnets. His love for Ireland, the land of his birth, expressed itself no less in his "Lamentation of Ireland," and in those sonnets written at very various periods as he sat in her ruined abbeys, or trod her iron-bound coasts. If the same loyal and impartial love had been felt both for England and for Ireland by those who during so many years have been bound to both of them, and bound alike by duty and by interest, it is possible that those two countries would not have been so slow to understand each other. He could sympathize alike with both of Ireland's historical races, Norman and Gael, in their early battles and their later trials. The union of the two countries, a union made real by united affections, he regarded as equally essential to the honour and interests of

both ; and for this union he had regarded religious equality as a pre-condition, when it was fashionable to think otherwise.

After 1823, Sir Aubrey de Vere published little with the exception of a few translations from the Italian and the Greek, till the year 1842, when the "Song of Faith" appeared. The cause of this long silence is to be found partly in the occupations which belong to a country gentleman and resident proprietor, and partly in his singular modesty. With him the love of fame could never have been a predominant motive of action. An additional incentive to labour it might have been : but fame had not come to him, and he did not go in search of it. He was both studious and social ; and his passionate attachment to the fine arts was not diminished by the seclusion in which he lived. In sickness he would sometimes have lists of pictures in foreign galleries read aloud to him, and guess how the subjects were treated by the various masters. In his hands, indeed, the adornment of his family residence became one of the fine arts, and was carried out with the eye of a painter. His reading was discursive, military works interesting him not less than poetry or history. From his boyhood he had approached military subjects with the ardour of a soldier, studying campaigns, ancient and modern, with the aid of maps as well as books, a habit to which he probably owed his minute geographical knowledge,

and a singular power of realizing, as a tactician might, the relative position of remote places. Probably not more than two years of his life, scattered over its various portions, were spent in the composition of his larger works; but when he wrote, it was with rapidity, though with the conscientious carefulness of an intellect instinctively scholarly. He did not need solitude in order to concentrate his attention; and much of his poetry was written with children playing in the room. His most considerable work, "Mary Tudor," an expression of his sympathy with great qualities obscured by great errors and great calamities, was composed under more serious difficulties, in intervals of severe illness, two years before his death. He died on the 28th of July, 1846, in the 58th year of his age, in the home of his infancy, and surrounded by his family.

There exists unfortunately no portrait which does justice to my father. In stature he was tall. He was remarkable for the music of his voice, especially when reading poetry; for the power of an eye the clear grey of which brightened in gladness and changed to a darker tint if he heard of aught that was unworthy; and for the rare but not effeminate beauty of his hands. It is not for me to write of his character; but some readers whose insight delights to trace a poet's moral lineaments in his verse have seen, or thought they saw, in his, a

nature more common in past time than in these critical, self-conscious, and self-asserting days—a character obedient to high laws, and a disposition affluent in affections; an intellect large, proportioned, and judicious; a soaring spirit, and a temper ardent, but also magnanimous and urbane; and I remember that one who bent above him after his death, said: “In that brow I see three things—Imagination, Reverence, and Honour.”

Among the fragments left behind him were the lines, intended, no doubt, to illustrate the poet's office, and written shortly before his death, which are prefixed to this volume as a motto.

A. DE V.



INTRODUCTION TO MARY TUDOR.

THE Drama of "Mary Tudor" has had singular fortunes. It was begun on the 10th of April and finished on the 14th of September, 1844; and was published, in 1847 without the benefit of the author's final revision. Although at once appreciated by a few good judges of poetry, it did not catch the public attention. After lying neglected for twenty-eight years, a period longer than the ordinary term of literary popularity, it has been called out of obscurity. During the interval, many circumstances had directed attention to the momentous period which the work illustrates, a period of transition from the England of early to that of modern times; and a few select readers had found in the play a delineation of that time with its stormy passions and strange vicissitudes, characterised, as they deemed, by dramatic vividness, and by a just and impartial appreciation of its wider bearings, spiritual as well as political. The author of the work was an Anglican, and could have had no bias in favour of Mary: neither had he any against her. His mind knew no partizanship, and in the subject of his drama he recognized a theme too high for one-sided zeal. The interest which he took in the

chief characters of that age was a human and historical, not controversial, interest; and he knew how often there is room in the same hearts for heroic virtues and for destructive passions.

The last century was perhaps the time least reasonable in its estimate of Mary Tudor. An earlier age had, it is true, produced those reckless writers so sternly exposed in Dr. Maitland's* *Essays on "Fox's Martyrs," "Puritan Veracity,"* and *"The Ribalds ;"* but the higher early authorities, little tempted as they were to extenuate Mary's faults, yet wrote of her with justice even when with severity, and demonstrate that the red spectre which startled our childhood represented, not a popular tradition descending from her own time, but the literary prejudice of a later day—a day that had forgotten much, and had not investigated. Among the earlier authorities was Francis Godwin, one of Queen Elizabeth's Bishops, successively appointed to the sees of Llandaff and Hereford, whose *"Annals"* the author of *"Mary Tudor"* had read carefully. The Bishop condemns her, of course, for her persecution : but, so far from implying that her character was one of cruelty predominantly, he affirms that "she was, without doubt, pious, merciful by nature, of unblemished manners, and, excepting her religion, every way worthy of praise."—*Annals of England*.

* "Essays on subjects connected with the Reformation in England."

Not otherwise does Fuller sum up her character :—" However, take Queen *Mary in herself*, abstracted from her *opinions, and by herself, secluded from her bloody counsellours*, and her memory will justly come under commendation. Indeed she knew not the art of *being popular*, and never cared to learn it, and generally (being given more to her beads than her book) had less of learning (or parts to get it) than any of her father's children. She hated to equivocate in her own Religion, and always *was what she was*, without dissembling her judgment or practice, for fear or flattery She had been a worthy Princess had as little cruelty been done *under her* as was done *by her*. Her Devotion always commanded her profit, and oftentimes did fill the Church with the emptying of her own Exchequer."*

Another early historian, Camden, speaks of Queen Mary thus : " Queen Mary herself (naturally a mild and loving Princess.) . . . A Princess never sufficiently to be commended of all men for her pious and religious demeanour, her commiseration towards the poor, and her munificence and liberality towards the nobility and churchmen. Howbeit, her reign is ill spoken of by reason of the barbarous cruelty of the Bishops," &c., &c. [Introduction to his "History

* This passage doubtless suggested the estimate of the Queen placed in the mouth of the "Hot-Gospeller." (See "Mary Tudor," p. 330.)

or Annals of England during the reign of Elizabeth," written, as Camden states, by the direction of William Cecil.]

To come to a later age. The following is Bishop Burnet's character of Mary :—"She was naturally pious and devout, even to superstition, and had a generous disposition of mind, but much corrupted by melancholy, which was partly natural in her, but much increased by the cross accidents of her life, both before and after her advancement ; so that she was very peevish and splenetic towards the end of her life. When the differences became irreconcilable between her father and mother, she followed her mother's interests, they being indeed her own, and for a great while could not be persuaded to submit to the king ; who being impatient of contradiction from any, but especially from his own child, was resolved to strike a terror in all his people, by putting her openly to death : which her mother coming to know, writ her a letter of a very devout strain, which will be found in the collections, in which she encouraged her to suffer cheerfully, to trust in God, and keep her heart clean. She charged her in all things to obey the king's commands except in matters of religion."

Collier also, while justly censuring Mary's share in the persecution, acknowledged the clemency which she had shown in the earlier part of her reign, when dealing with a con-

spiracy that placed another on her throne, and the unworthy way in which that clemency was required. He says :—"Notwithstanding the Queen's clemency in pardoning most of those who endeavoured to set up the Lady Jane, there seem to have been still some secret practices against her;" and again, "that some of the *Reformed* were well-wishers to Wyatt's Revolt is past all doubt."—COLLIER, Vol. ii., pp. 350-363.

Dr. Maitland has abundantly shown that their machinations, as well as their insults, never ceased; that their ordinary language, especially that of the Puritans, was to the last degree rebellious; that many of them in their sermons and pamphlets denied, like John Knox, the right of any woman to reign; that Parliament had to pass a law against fanatics who publicly prayed for her death; and that scurrilous and calumnious papers were strewn upon the floors of her palace to meet her eye. These are the things which the later and one-sided class of historians—forgetting what had once been acknowledged—ignored, or so recorded as to hide their real significance. On the other hand, it cannot indeed be justly urged that the severities of Mary's reign were measures of political defence only. Unlike her successor,* Mary avowed her

* Hallam indignantly refutes the allegation that it was for treason, and not on religious grounds, that the Catholics suffered in Elizabeth's reign. He says: "The

acts :—she persecuted, and she must bear the reproach.

But the chief error of those one-sided historians is a negative one. They should not have forgotten from whom Mary had learned the deeds which darkened her last three years. She had probably first heard the arguments by which persecution was defended from those who, in her brother's reign, had forbidden her the exercise of her own worship in her own house, or from those who had assisted at the deaths of Fisher and More. Practically, the fatal lesson was taught her by those very prelates, who though their earlier acts have been forgotten in the sympathy called forth by their sufferings, yet might have equally perished under that "Act of the Six Articles" which they had themselves administered in the days of Henry VIII.*

Catholic martyrs under Elizabeth amount to no inconsiderable number. Dodd reckons them at 191; Milner has raised the list to 204." He then disposes in a note of the common evasion respecting treason "Treason, by the Law of England, and according to the common use of language, is the crime of rebellion or conspiracy against the government. If a statute is made by which the celebration of certain religious rites is subjected to the same penalties as rebellion or conspiracy, would any man free from prejudice, and not desiring to impose on the uninformed, speak of persons convicted on such a statute as guilty of treason, without expressing in what sense he uses the words, or deny that they were as truly punished for their religion as if they had been convicted of heresy? A man is punished for his religion when he incurs a penalty for its profession or exercise, to which he was not liable on any other account."—*Const. Hist. of England*, Vol. i., pp. 222-4.

* Dr. Lingard thus illustrates this subject:—"The first

Those historians should not have ignored Mary's virtues. They should not have forgotten that despite her desire to stand well with Spain, she had protected the daughter of Boleyn when, on the twofold ground of Wyatt's and Noailles' intercepted letters, she, and most persons beside, believed the Princess to have connived, if not conspired, with rebels.

They should have remembered that, if, unhappily, there was in Mary's nature the tameless passion and the arbitrary will of the Tudors, she alone of that house had, in the first year of her reign, abated the despotic power of the Crown, and passed those laws which received the applause of Blackstone. They should have remembered how she had warned her council that no marriage they might devise for her could shake that first marriage which bound her to England; and under what circumstances she had declared that she loved her people, many of them in revolt against her, with "a mother's love." In persecuting, Mary erred against the land, and yet more against the Faith which she loved; yet she

who perished was Joan Bocher. 'She was now summoned before the inquisitors, Cranmer, Smith, Cook, Latimer, and Lyell * * * the Archbishop excommunicated her as a heretic, and ordered her to be delivered to the secular power.' The young King long refused his consent to the execution; but Cranmer overcame his scruples, and Joan was burned. The next victim was Von Paris, a Dutch Unitarian, also burned. He was arraigned before Cranmer Ridley, May, Coverdale, and several others. * * *

had a patriot's heart. At the close she sees her error :

"I have been

As one who saw some vision in the air
Of elemental beauty, which, when grasped at,
Vanished, and left behind a grinning devil:
Too late I find how far from good I've wandered—
 . . . God ! Thou knowest
What, under better guidance, I had been."

—*Mary Tudor*, pp. 812-18.

They should have weighed more carefully those early wrongs which wrapped her later life in gloom—

"Sum up my personal life. You knew me first
A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—
A Princess, shorn of her inheritance—
A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—
A rightful Queen, hemmed by usurping bands—
A reigning Queen, baited by slaves she spared—
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won her—
A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—
And now, at length, a hated tyrant dragging
Her people to unprofitable wars ;
And from her feeble hold basely resigning
The trophy of long centuries of fame.
I have reigned—I am lost—let me die !"

—*Mary Tudor*, p. 319.

For Mary the past had ever flung itself upon the present and wielded it like a Fate. From the lonely terror of her childhood, and the "torpid despair" of her youth, to the defrauded hearth, the disgraced throne, and the premature


grave, her whole life had been one long frustration. It is unjust to assume that her lot was hard because her heart was hard. There must have been gentleness as well as fierceness, a love generous and human, a love not disnatured or restricted to a single and worthless object, in one whose best consolation, when recovering from those recurrent maladies which threatened her reason itself, was found in ministering to the poor,* who loved her so well, and called their children by her name. Nor should it be forgotten that, though Mary persecuted, yet the worst cruelties were perpetrated in her name by her council, when she lay almost unconscious in those terrible illnesses.

The author of "Mary Tudor" used to affirm that most of the modern historians had mistaken a part, and that the smaller part, of the sad Queen's character, for the whole of it, and that our dramatists had left one great place vacant in their gallery of English historical portraits. With such a conviction he probably regarded himself as discharging a debt when, within five months, near the close of his life, while suffering under dangerous and painful illness, he wrote a work projected in early days. His conception of Mary's character was no arbitrary abstraction of wickedness or of weakness, but an original idea, unquestionably consistent with itself, as well as with authentic history—an idea fruitful in

* See Miss Strickland's "Life of Queen Mary."

dramatic aptitudes, and morally deep, the deeper for being simple also. Round that idea his whole drama crystallized itself. I may perhaps be permitted to illustrate his conception of the Queen from my recollection, and to add a few references. His estimate of her will be found to be wholly *un-apologetic*, while in no degree hostile. It is just to great virtues, but it neither conceals nor palliates offence.

While some historians have exaggerated Mary's share in the persecution, others have thought that they extenuated her error by attributing it to a passion, amounting to a craze, for a ruthless husband. There seems nothing in documents, in her letters, or her touching testament, to justify this view. A being long friendless had indeed squandered too much of a credulous expectancy on her future husband, the son of that Spain which she had been early taught to revere, and the kinsman of that mother whom she deplored. After the marriage, her love for him, though far beyond his deserts, was no other than that loyal, reverential, and long-enduring love continued by a faithful wife to the undeserving; a dutiful love never discarding the allegiance which true affections bear to that moral nature out of which they spring. In this drama the blame of the persecution is not removed, so far as she sanctioned it, from the Queen. Philip's urgency neither controls nor blinds her. The guilt is her



own. Mary is represented as having inherited the sanguinary as well as the despotic vein of the Tudors. She felt it within her : she struggled, she prayed against it (p. 62) ; and often she trampled down the temptation. Though prone to suspect, she more than once flings aside her suspicions in magnanimous trust. Yet she forebodes the triumph of the evil within her ;—

“Something here—in my burning heart and brain—
Tells me I yet shall be all good men’s loathing.”

She is disinterested, devout and sternly sincere. She is strong in self-sacrifice and the sense of duty. She is brave and queenly : against vanity, frivolity, and all our lower temptations, she is proof. She remains still that child, so soon to be an orphan, briefly but significantly described by the dying Queen Katharine in Henry VIII., as so “modest” and so “noble.” When courts were most corrupt, hers remained unstained ; and the early love supposed to have existed between her and Pole, though mournfully remembered once and again before her marriage (pp. 95-160), is but glanced at afterwards in a single half-page of nearly their last interview (p. 280). Conscience is with her the great reality ; in her failures she is austere penitential ; in her affections there is neither levity nor an unworthy craving for enjoyment. They are grave and lofty, if also yearning and exacting. Their largeness and dutifulness is marked by this

—that they are faithful, though in sadness, to *all* who have a legitimate claim on her. She will not desert her tried friend, Pole, to propitiate her angry husband ; she has not discarded reverence even for her terrible father ; she loves the brother who deposed her and the sister who is the one hope of all conspirators ; she is loyal to her race, loyal to her country, loyal to her faith. But that large heart has in it room for much evil as well as for good. For pity only it has little room. It was an age when few had compassion for enemy, friend, or self ; when kings sent their kinsfolk to the block, and when disputants rushed to the stake alike to attest a conviction or to emphasize a scoff. To Mary misery had made life more than a burthen ; she despised it, and only guessed how any one could value it when a gleam of happiness had flickered across her path (p. 132). When her perpetual misery deepened it flamed up into wrath ; and with wrath, the old temptation, ever stirred within her.

There are those whose very vices are plausible, and whose virtues are such only as reap their reward below ; who deceive habitually, yet are thought upright ; who live but for themselves, and yet whose very graves are adulated. It was otherwise with Mary ; she sought the good ; yet her good was changed, ~~ly~~, it is true, through her own fault, into

evil: she forgave traitors their treason, yet she put several of them to death for their religion. She was narrow though strong in intellect; and few needed counsel more. There was but one whom she could profitably consult—Pole; and, much as she revered him, she did not walk by his counsels. The guilty whom she had spared turned against her:—in her anger she punished the comparatively innocent; and Jane Grey died. Many might have vindicated that sentence as a political necessity; but Mary and Fakenham alike recognised the guilt. The temptation had triumphed; and with the remorse of Mary, Part I. ends. The Second Part brings the retribution, and imparts to the whole that “poetic justice” which a true drama requires. She rises out of her despair and finds rest in duty. With duty done comes hope; and again it betrays her. She discovers that she is scorned by the husband for whose sake she has lost the love of her people, that her dream of offspring is but the omen of death, and that she has become the laughter of her enemies. Again misery swells into tempest. Her whole nature, except when there is a lull between the gusts, is passion. Her patriotism is a passion—religion is a passion; nay, duty itself is a passion. She had muttered in sad self-distrust,—

“Beneath the soul there sleep
The founts of a great deep. Unseal them not.”

Her soul is riven ; and the stream that wells forth is blood. She lifts her hand against that religion which stigmatises hers as idolatry, and has vowed its fall. She condemns Cranmer—misinformed indeed ; but in substance it is the old offence. The key-note is struck a second time. Her destinies are closing around her. It is this blending of great good and great evil in a character, not weak but strong, and a heart not small but large, that creates what is needful for Tragedy. Undeserved affliction is not Tragedy ; neither is that punishment which is punishment alone and has no purifying tendency.

To the end Mary's character in this drama will be found true to the original conception. It was essentially one of self-devotion, and at the close her thoughts are not for herself. Successively there come to her the news of fresh conspiracies, of an invasion from Scotland, and of the loss of Calais. It is for her people that she bleeds ; it is that word, Calais, not a name connected with any personal affection, which, as the dying English Queen affirms, will be found graven on her heart. She knows what will be the sentence pronounced on her by posterity, and that it will be in part just ; but she knows also that in the principal part it will be a calumny.

“Shame's never-dying echoes

Shall keep the memory of the bloody Mary

Alive in England. Vampyre calumny

Shall prey on my remains. My name shall last

To fright the children of the race I love.”—P. 320.

But with the end comes also peace.

"The mist that brooded o'er the face of things
Is lifted. Death is sent to make us sane."

She has erred by making her will a nation's law,
and she sends a warning to her sister

"Not to strongly rule
This kingdom (for I know and fully trust
Her noble intellect), but fondly rule it,
Leaving the issues of her cares with God."

The Tudor dies away out of her blood as the
chill of death approaches it, and a great human
soul, sorely tried, deeply humbled, but true also,
and faithful to great aims, surrenders itself in
hope to its God :—

"Bury me with my mother :
Raise tombs of honour to our memory,
And grave on mine the motto I have loved—
Prophetic may it prove—*Time unveils Truth.*"

Not less faithful to the ancient traditions is the
picture of Cardinal Pole, a character the opposite
of Mary's, but one, like hers, never illustrated
before—the princely churchman who had lashed
the vice of Europe's proudest king, and declined
the papal throne—the Church's bravest champion,
yet, on his return to power, the meekest of her
sons—the voluntary exile—the lonely student
whose wisdom seemed "incorporated with his
substance"—mournful from habitual remembrance
of "those great ancestral woes," but alike in
victory or failure serene—statesman as well as
priest—the favourite of successive popes, but
obsequious to none; in faith devout, yet un-

enthusiastic—a patriot zealous for his country, and firmly believing that Religion is a chief part of her greatness. Such was Pole in character; what was he in act? Had he been at the head of all, he could have done all; but he could not work with others. He hates the intriguer, the factious, the mercenary, the cruel; and most of those around him are such. He can no more understand their littleness than they can understand his greatness. He can chastise the baseness of Philip, and reprove the pride that mingled with Queen Mary's highest aspirations; but he succeeds in nothing. Here again all is frustration.

“He is cramped;

Within the jealous precinct of a court

Large energies like his lack room to move.”—P. 296.

To Pole, too, the early historians were more just than some of the later. It is thus that he is described by Bishop Godwin:—“He was a man of extraordinary learning, modesty, and of a most engaging temper, prudent, and very dexterous in affairs. In short, nothing had been wanting to his consummate excellencies, if the Roman Religion had not unhappily debauched him from his natural clemency into severity against the profession of the Reformed Religion.” Not dissimilar is Bishop Burnet's estimate of Pole. Commenting on the disciplinary decrees proposed to the Convocation in 1555, he says: “By all these it may appear how

well-tempered this Cardinal was. He never set on the clergy to persecute heretics, but to reform themselves ; as well knowing that a strict, exemplary clergy can soon overcome all opposition whatsoever, and bear down even truth itself.”—Vol. ii., p. 524. It is true that he accuses him of having on some occasions acted upon the persecuting laws which he had originally denounced ;* but still it is thus that he sums up the Cardinal’s character:—“He was a learned, modest, humble, and good-natured man. . . . It is certain that Pole’s method of correcting the manners of the clergy, and being gentle to the Reformed, would, in all appearance, have been much more fatal to the Reformation, that was set forward by nothing more than by the severities showed to those that differed from them, and the indulgence of the bishops to the vices of their own party.”—Vol. ii., p. 590.

Collier, though he remarks “As to the persecutions of the Reformed, the Cardinal seems to have been over-ruled in his temper, and gone off in some measure from those gentle methods he had formerly recommended. . . . ’Tis certain he can’t be excused from being concerned in the persecu-

* How far, especially in his last sickness, Pole willingly put the persecuting laws into operation, and how far he could, as an ecclesiastical judge, have refused his sanction to them, has been a matter of dispute. That he disliked them, that his enemies calumniated him on that account, and that he saved the lives of many persons condemned, is admitted by all fair writers.

tion," thus describes Cardinal Pole's aims and method for attaining them :—"The Cardinal, as has been observed, recommended gentle methods : he declared a strong aversion to extremity and rigour : that the clergy ought to compassionate the misfortunes of those misled : that bishops were fathers and ought to answer the tenderness of that relation : that nothing could be more foreign to their character than destroying their children. That from his own experience he had observed rough applications rather heightened such distempers than cured them. . . . And therefore the better way was to give them time for recollection, to argue them out of their heterodoxy, and lead them back by gentle degrees. That the three statutes revived against heresy should sleep in the execution, and only be made use of *in terrorem*. That a strict reformation in the manners of the clergy would be a good step towards recovering the laity ; and to this purpose he suggested the restoring the primitive discipline.—*Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, Vol. ii., pp. 377-8.

The same lofty and Christian doctrine was fearlessly inculcated in a sermon by a Franciscan friar, Alphonso di Castro. Collier says he "declaimed strongly against taking away peoples' lives for religion : he spent some satirical expressions upon the bishops for these severities : he said the scripture prescribed them quite different

methods, taught them to instruct those in meekness that opposed them."—COLLIER, *Ecc. Hist.*, Vol. ii., p. 282.

If such sentiments were expressed by a Papal legate, and by the confessor of King Philip, whence came those cruelties for which Mary must indeed share the responsibility, but of which she was not the originator, and which were opposed to her early resolves? The persecution proceeded mainly, as might have been expected, not from those who had religion most at heart, but from those Erastian prelates and statesmen who, in the days of Henry VIII., had carried to the utmost their worship of the civil power, and to it had sacrificed their conscience and religion. In Edward's reign they had been persecuted: in that of Mary it had become their turn to wield the powers of the state, and they became persecutors. The evil work was persistently wrought by those* "Lords of the Council" who had changed their principles as they found convenient in the days of Henry, or Edward, or Jane Grey. Bishop Ponet threw this charge fiercely in their face. His words are: "They that were sworn chief of the Council with the Lady Jane, and caused the Queen Mary to be proclaimed a bastard through all England

* The leading part in persecution taken by these "anti-Papal Catholics" is well illustrated by Miss Strickland.

and Ireland, and that were the sorest forcers of men—yea, under the threatened pain of treason, to swear and subscribe unto their doings . . . afterwards became counsellors, I will not say procurers, of the innocent Lady Jane's death ; and at this present are in the highest authority in the Queen's House, and the chiefest officers and doers in the Commonwealth."

Above all, the persecution is to be charged upon those Parliaments which followed each other rapidly during Mary's reign, and which recalled into existence, and maintained, the persecuting code. We all know, and justly denounce, the cruelty of our laws for the protection of property till the days of Sir Samuel Romilly—laws unprovoked either by political dangers or religious passions—when petty thefts were punished by death, and when half-a-dozen wretches were hung in London every Monday morning. What should we say of historians who laid the whole blame upon the governments or the judges who executed, and passed no condemnation on the legislatures which enacted or retained such laws? Mary had begun her reign with a declaration that (to quote Burnet) "although her conscience was staid in the matter of religion, yet she was resolved not to compel or strain others, otherwise than as God should put into their hearts a persuasion of that truth

■

she was in ; and this she hoped should be done by the opening of His Word to them by godly, virtuous, and learned preachers." But her Parliaments had never had such aspirations ; and the first of them revived the Penal Statutes. Those Parliaments were anything but subservient to the Queen. Hallam remarks : "She dissolved in fact her two first Parliaments on this account. But the third was far from obsequious, and rejected several of her favourite bills."—*Const. History*, Vol. i., p. 60. The same persons who laid their hands on their swords when invited by their Queen to relinquish their abbey lands, thought they could atone for the wrong done to their Church by trampling upon its enemies—enemies less formidable than such friends.

It was the evil of the age. Hallam bears his witness thus, to a truth too often forgotten :—"Tolerance in religion, it is well known and unanimously admitted (at least verbally), even by theologians in the present century, was seldom considered as practicable, much less as a matter of right, during the period of the Reformation. The difference in this respect between the Catholics and Protestants was only in degree ; and in degree there was much less difference than we are apt to believe. Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed Churches ; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more

extensive. The Lutheran princes and cities in Germany constantly refused to tolerate the use of the mass as an idolatrous service; and this name of Idolatry, though adopted in retaliation for that of Heresy, answered the same end as the other, of exciting animosity and uncharitableness. The Roman worship was equally proscribed in England.* Hallam refers also to the language of the Westminster Confession, inculcating persecution, and to Melancthon's letter to Calvin approving the burning of Servetus.

Bishop Burnet makes two remarks on this painful subject, and both are of great value. The first points out that persecution is not only an odious thing, but one which frustrates its own aim. The second warns us that even to persecutors we may be unjust, if we identify their dispositions with their acts, and forget the age in which they lived.

"In all the books published in Queen Mary's days justifying her severity against the Protestants, these instances were always made use of; and no part of Cranmer's life exposed him more than this did. It was said he had consented both to Lambert's and Anne Askew's death, in the former reign, who both suffered for opinions which he himself held now, and he had now procured the death of these two persons; and, when he was brought to suffer himself afterwards, it was called

* Hallam's "Const. Hist. of England," Vol. i., pp. 130-1.



a just retaliation on him. One thing was certain, that what he did in this matter flowed from no cruelty of temper in him, no man being further from that black disposition of mind ; but it was truly the effect of those principles by which he governed himself." Let us hope that this mild estimate of Cranmer's disposition is true. But such estimates do not apply exclusively to the persecutors at one side. If we would be just we must apply the same weights and scales alike to all : and if we would understand Mary Tudor's true character, we must understand the age in which she lived.

A. DE VERE.



MARY TUDOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD VI.

JOHN DUDLEY, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND ; *father
of Lord Guilford Dudley.*

HENRY GREY, DUKE OF SUFFOLK ; *father of Lady
Jane Grey.*

EDWARD COURTENAYE, MARQUIS OF EXETER ; *cousin
of the King and Princesses.*

MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER ; *Lord Treasurer.*

CRANMER ; *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

EARLS OF PEMBROKE AND OF ARUNDEL.

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY ; *husband of Jane Grey.*

BISHOPS GARDINER, BONNER, TONSTAL ; *Roman
Catholic deprived Prelates.*

SIR THOMAS WYATT }
CAPTAIN BRETT } *insurrectionary leaders.*

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD }
SIR HENRY JERNINGHAM } *Mary Tudor's Officers.*

FAKENHAM, *Dean of St. Paul's, her Confessor.*

SIR JOHN PALMER, *a friend of Northumberland.*

Other Lords, Citizens, &c.

A Headsman, Soldiers, &c.

MARY TUDOR, *sister of the King, afterwards Queen.*

ELIZABETH, *second sister of the King.*

LADY JANE GREY, *usurping Queen.*

DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, *mother of Jane Grey.*





MARY TUDOR.

PART THE FIRST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, WYATT, JERNINGHAM, BEDINGFIELD.

BEDINGFIELD.

BE well assured the King is sick to death.

PEMBROKE.

Tush, Sir, the King is young, and young blood
fires

Like flax.

BEDINGFIELD.

And dies as quickly. I repeat it,
Even now the King lies at the point of death.

WYATT.

How can it be? But one short month it seems
Since I beheld him on his jennet's back,

With hawk on wrist, his bounding hounds beside,
Charge up the hill side through the golden gorse,
Swallowing the west wind, till his cheeks glowed
out

Like ripened pears. The whirring pheasant sprang
From the hedged bank ; and, with a shout, in air
The bright boy tossed his falcon ; then with spur
Pressed to his jennet's flank, and head thrown
back,

And all the spirit of life within his eye
And voice, he drew not rein, till the spent quarry
Lay cowering 'neath the hawk's expanded wings.

ARUNDEL.

And what saith Sir John Cheke, his Grace's tutor ?
That one so apt to learn, mature in judgment,
Ne'er hath o'erleaped the silken fence of child-
hood.

WYATT.

Too hotly from the deep well of his heart
Boils up his fevered blood.

BEDINGFIELD.

You miss the mark !

No fever pants upon King Edward's life ;
Nor natural decay hath drained his heart.

PEMBROKE.

Then, by the Rood ! John Dudley must be
questioned

Wherefore he mews the King up thus at Greenwich,

With beldams, herberers, and wizard quacks ?

BEDINGFIELD.

Too late ! the axe, henceforth, shall answer make
To dangerous questioners.

WYATT.

He flies too high

This modern Dedalus !

ARUNDEL.

O royal seed

Of York and Lancaster, in Tudor blended,
How are ye fallen, when this base minion churl,
This felon-born, dares lift his ransomed hand
Against your sacred house—misrules your
people—

Usurps your sceptre—decimates your peers—
Nay, holds the throne in his arbitrement !

BEDINGFIELD.

Aye—there you press the spring of his design.
No child of the eighth Harry shall be Queen
If Dudley's will be law.

ARUNDEL.

Pernicious Traitor !

Much hath he dared ! but with plebeian hand
Dares he to clutch that crown the Norman rent

From Harold's helm—and lion-hearted Richard
Bore through the fields of Palestine redeemed,
At Ascalon, in the Crusaders' van ?
O spirits of our old nobility !
Rise from your tombs and blast this upstart carle !
Mowbray is gone ; but Thomas Howard lives !
The suns of Bohun and de Clare have set ;
But Oxford's star beams brightly from his shield !
Nevilles there be, though Warwick's veins are
cold !

Awake avengers ! Bearders of kings arise !
And crush the caitiff !

BEDINGFIELD.

One and all we join
That cry, O Arundel ! Well I remember
When from the midst of English Gentlemen
Great Somerset, the Uncle of the King,
Was, like some stag, the captain of the herd,
Torn down and throttled by this blood-hound
Dudley !
How flashed your eyes above your half-drawn
sword,
While muttered malisons hissed through your
teeth !

WYATT.

Sirs, be ye calm, probing the kingdom's hurt.

She whom this Dudley wills to wear the crown
Descends, through Tudor, from Plantagenet :
And the two Roses on so fair a cheek
As Lady Jane's, the Duke of Suffolk's daughter,
Have never blended.

ARUNDEL.

The Duchess' mother lives—

PEMBROKE.

Nor she—nor any daughter of her house—
Not my son's wife, shall ever be my Queen !

WYATT.

Beshrew King Harry ! had he loved one wife—
Or crowned no concubine—our course were plain
But now—In sooth I trow not if to marry
One's brother's wife, be uncanonical,
But this I know, howe'er legitimate,
The Lady Mary's neither young nor fair,
But black Papistical. The Lady Bess
Loves the true Church, and is as fair withal
As her frail mother Boleyn.

BEDINGFIELD.

There's the rub.

Too sweetly Boleyn smiled on Harry's wooing
Ere he was severed by sufficient warrant
From the crowned Queen. But six short months
divided

The bridal and the birth. Elizabeth
May not be hailed legitimately Queen :
But who shall gainsay Mary ?

WYATT.

That dare I ?

Unless the sacred charter of our church
Be well assured. If not, the Suffolk line,
The blood of Grey, aye, Dudley's, I prefer.

JERNINGHAM.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, you presume too far ;
Disparaging the royal Mary's claim—
Which I aver—

ARUNDEL.

O peace ! the time needs union.
Waste not in idle brawls your generous ardour.
But lift your swords, and swear, kissing the hilts,
That England shall not be a Traitor's prey—
Nor Tudor's heritage adorn a Grey !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Greenwich—the King's Bedchamber.

KING EDWARD *on a Couch* : LADY JANE *reading.*

JANE.

How fares your Highness now ?

EDWARD.

Thy sweet voice, Jane,
Soothes every pain. A film grew o'er mine eyes ;
A murmur, as of breezes on the shore,
Or waters lapping in some gelid cave,
Coiled round my temples ; and I slept.

JANE.

Ah cousin !
Not in my voice the charm. Within this volume
A sanatory virtue lives enshrined,
As in Bethesda's pool.

EDWARD.

By an angel stirred !
I slept—methought the merry, chiming birds
Were round me, and the bleating of the lambs,
And cheerful harmony of hounds and horn.
And murmuring winds, and waters among trees,
Making the diapason of our Earth ;
While by my side dear Uncle Somerset
Rode, stately with grave smile. Where is he now ?
Ah, fatal falsehoods ! fatal credulity !
Look at this hand ! health withered in its veins
Signing the unnatural warrant.

JANE.

Judge less hardly.
You were the instrument, but not the doer,

In that bad deed.

EDWARD.

I am too young—too young
For sorrow and remorse ; yet both are here !
I yearn for freedom, like some callow scholar
Over his task perplexed ; and it will come.
Soon shall I leap forth like the lark at morn
Into the pathless sky—and through the gates
Of light, on—on—to Heaven ! Hark ! some noise.
Who thus disturbs the last rest of a King ?

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* CRANMER.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

We come, my liege, deputed by the Council,
To lay before your Grace the realm's sad state
Thus widowed of your presence ; and abashed
By the frowns of coming wrong. Am I permitted ?

EDWARD.

Permitted ? ah my Lord, custom permits—
You seldom tread the paths of ceremony.
Say on—my soul is sad, but I will hear you.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

My Lord Archbishop will explain how far
Zeal strengthens us to stem the tide of evils
Which, should it please high heaven to take
your Grace,

Your death would loose upon us.

CRANMER.

May I speak ?

We pray you judge, should harm befall your

Grace,

The dangers of the Church ; no pious Prince,
Versed in true doctrine of our Faith, succeeding.

How ill the Lady Mary stands affected

Unto the Church is known. Elizabeth

Gives, peradventure, better hope ; but here

Their claims make up a tissue so perplexed

The undoing of the woof destroys the web.

We must eschew both, or hold fast to both.

And thus by right of primogeniture

The Lady Mary at our peril succeed.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Mark well ! to England's and the Church's ruin !

CRANMER.

Now well we know, a wise Prince and religious,

God's glory and his kingdom's weal endangered,

Will put aside all weak respects of blood—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Else would God's vengeance mete out doom

hereafter !

CRANMER.

But other hope remains. Three noble daughters

Of Suffolk's bed are of the royal lineage :
Most near, and by their virtues well commended.
Through these—

JANE.

Nay ! I must speak. My Lord Archbishop,
I must protest—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Be silent : the church speaks !

CRANMER.

Through these nor persecutor of our faith,
Nor foreign yoke, through marriage may be feared :
For these have been brought up with spiritual
food ;
Suckled with christian doctrine undefiled ;
And matched with husbands zealous for the truth !
That these, firm pledged the true Church to
maintain,
Should be successively the kingdom's heirs
Most humbly we advise : and for this Lady,
Eldest of that illustrious house, Jane Grey,
If all her virtues, which speak trumpet-tongued,
Suffice not, we, her father, all the Council,
The Peers of England, yea the Realm itself,
Implodge our lives to back her constancy !

JANE.

O no ! not me ! This remediless wrong

I have no part in. Edward—you have sisters :
Great Harry's daughter's—England's manifest
heirs.

Leave right its way, and God will guard his own !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The manifest heirs of England ! tush ! you see not
The very point at issue. Counsellors
Learned in the laws, hold the king's heirs to be
Whom the king's testament shall nominate.
Besides, the child of the incestuous Katherine
May not be Queen : nor wanton Boleyn's
daughter.

CRANMER.

Too harshly spoken ! Hold him up ! he faints—
So—he revives—Sir, look upon this Lady,
This Angel that shall win a crown in heaven,
Worthier than all of Earth ! King Edward !
hear me !

Uphold your people in her !

EDWARD.

God be my guide !

Now and forever ! Sense and thought forsake me.
O sisters ! ye desert me ! yet I love ye—
How much I love !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

They come not at your bidding.

Your People be your care.

EDWARD.

Ah yes—my People !

To them, and to my God—be duty done !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Sign then—

JANE.

Sign not !

EDWARD [*signing*].

Come weal, come woe—'tis signed !

Now take me, Lord, from this calamitous life !

Yet if to live and suffer be thy will,

And to thy chosen People serviceable,

I am contented to abide, and serve.

*Enter from the side, the PRINCESS MARY, followed
by BEDINGFIELD, JERNINGHAM and FAKENHAM.*

At last—and yet too late—I bless thee, sister !

Why comes not Bess ?

BEDINGFIELD.

She lay, my Liege, too far

From Framlingham, and time, so rumour ran,

Pressed hardly on your Grace.

MARY [*kissing Edward*].

How wan ! how wasted !

My dear, lost brother !

[*Northumberland attempts to pass out.*

BEDINGFIELD.

Go not forth, my Lord,
While here her Highness stays.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How, Varlet, how?
Who shall debar my way?

BEDINGFIELD.

I will—

JERNINGHAM.

And I.

EDWARD.

What means this timeless brawl? Northumber-
land,

I deemed my sister's visit due to thee:
Whence then this heat? I am too weak to bear it.

MARY.

My Lord of Lisle! or—pardon me—Lord Duke!
(To such a height your style hath grown, I learn)
Your message came—and I am here! but not
Without precaution that secures return.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Madam, you err: know your friends better.

MARY.

Yes.

I know them at their worth.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady, you mark not

His Grace's weak estate. I seek no brawl—
And fear no foe.

MARY.

God's death! my Lord, nor I!
I bid you silence, Sir.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What? menace me?

BEDINGFIELD.

Beware this sword—if you advance, it strikes!

JANE.

O peace, good father, peace! the King sinks fast.

MARY.

Perils beset me—scorning all I come :
Shall I abide with thee?

EDWARD.

This gentle Jane
Hath been a sister in my sister's absence.

MARY.

Why was I bade to go? He bade me fly,—
Ah Traitor! [*pointing to Northumberland.*]

EDWARD.

It is now too late—too late!
I have done what it were well had ne'er been done.

JANE.

O would to God that act might be recalled!

MARY.

What act?

JANE.

That makes me Queen.

MARY.

Thou Queen ! O never
Shall regal crown clasp that unwrinkled brow !
Thou Queen ? go, girl—betake thee to thy
mappets !
Call Ascham back—philosophize—but never
Presume to parley with grey counsellors,
Nor ride forth in the front of harnessed knights !
Leave that to me, the daughter of a King.

EDWARD.

I have wronged thee to save the state from wrong.
I had much to say ; but faltering thought and
tongue
Forbid. Never shall foreign Prince or Prelate
Bear sway in England. So my father willed.
Cranmer, speak thou.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Nay, I speak now. The King
Still, madam, proffers hope, on penitence.
The crown may yet be your's—this act annulled ;
If here before this dying Saint, in presence
Of this most holy Prelate, and this Lady
Wise past her years, your errors you renounce.

MARY.

Sir, have you done? simply I thus reply.
Not to drag England from this slough of treason—
Nor save this lady's head—nor your's, Arch-
 bishop ;—
Not even my brother's life—would I abjure
My faith, and forfeit heaven !

CRANMER.

 Pause, proud Lady !
The end hath come. Lo ! one among us stands
Chainer of every tongue ! queller of Princes !
One moment more, and penitence were vain.

[All kneel by the King's couch.]

EDWARD.

Lord ! keep thy People steadfast in the Faith !
I die—bless all—Jesus receive my soul. *[Dies.]*

CRANMER.

He's dead ! and never passed a purer spirit,
Stored with more graces of humanity,
More fraught with truths divine, than this lost
 King.

For he was grave, as well beseemed a King,
Though joyous in his spirit as a child.
Of wit so keen, that all expectancy
Of nature was outstripped : and thus he dies
Consumed in his own brightness. Had he lived.

The sweet conditions of ingenuous nature
Had won all good men's love, as they have long
The hope of all the learned : for he began
To favour learning ere he knew it fully ;
And knew, ere time remained to use it well.
Too soon he dies ! yet not without memorials
That shall be storied long and treasured fondly.
He lacked but time to leave the world example
Of all a King, so trained and graced, might be !

MARY.

And thou art gone ! hast left me unforgiven !—
O brother ! was this righteous ? gloomier now
This dreary world frowns on me, and its cares.
Womanly dreams, farewell ! stern truths of life
Stamp on my heart all that becomes a Queen !
Dudley, you have dared much ; yet, standing here
By my poor brother's clay, I can forgive.
Will you kneel, Dudley ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Never to thee—but here—
To Jane, true Queen I kneel. God save Queen
Jane !

BEDINGFIELD.

Ha ! traitor !

MARY.

Sheath your swords ! here in Death's chamber,

Blood must not flow.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No traitor I. I spurn
Your favour, even with these odds—away!
Keep from my path, Fakenham and Bedingfield,
Or by my surging hopes I strike you dead!
Ho! Guards, without! Guilford! your wife to
rescue!

MARY.

Again I say—here shed no blood for me!

JERNINGHAM.

I hear thick beating footsteps on the stair—
My liege, 'tis time to fly.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I stay you not—
Begone! [*Exit Mary attended.*

FAKENHAM.

We meet hereafter!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Out, vile worm!
No deed of mine mates me with thee hereafter.

FAKENHAM.

I spake not of that judgement. We shall meet
In this world—by the scaffold—at the grave.
[*Exit.*

Enter LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY, PEMBROKE,
Guards.

GUILFORD.

What means this tumult—thy distracted bearing?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The king is dead.

GUILFORD.

By you?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

He died by nature.

The Queen hath scaped.

GUILFORD.

The Queen! my Jane is Queen.

What mean you?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Tush—the tongue misquotes the mind.

I spake of Mary Tudor.

GUILFORD.

Mary—here?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Aye—Traitors are within these gates : look round.

I like not Pembroke's mien—nor Winchester's.

I am glad she stayed not here. Urge no pursuit.

The eighth Harry's soul lives in her voice and eye.

It were not well if she had stayed—and lived.

[*He muses for a time.*

[*Aside.*] We lack but time—time satisfies all
scruples—

Silence in treason is complicity :—

Whoso connives conspires. [*Aloud*] You know,
my Lords,

The late King's testament. It pleased the Council.
Pembroke, your son stands on the throne's first
step.

PEMBROKE.

Which yours doth mount.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Holding it safe for your's.

We'll talk of this hereafter : Now our cares
Attend the late king's obsequies. My Lord
Of Winchester, be pleased to marshal forth
The sad procession to the Tower. Within
The chapel lay the body, near the altar ;
Light tapers, and let solemn psalms be sung.
Guilford, attend the Queen. Pembroke, we'll
talk

Of these things privily. Herbert already,
As next of blood, is Captain of the guard :
Suffolk Lord Constable : you — dear friend !
choose.

What Pembroke asks can grateful Jane refuse ?

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

*Chamber in the Tower.**Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THESE branching passages, and tortuous stairs,
And dark, low chambers (ghostly dens) con-
found me.

Methought the way to Courtenaye's cell was plain.
I have missed the clue : I'll rest me here awhile.
The Race of Dudley mounts—Had Jane no
scruples—

Were Guilford wise as he is plausible,
Then were this new-cemented fabric firm,
And founded for endurance. Not so now.
Yet 'twas a glorious sight ! Jane crowned and
plumed,

On her proud palfrey—my fair son beside her—
Scarce less even now than King—England's
broad banner

Flouting the wind before—a goodly sight !
But something lacked there : and that something
grows

Ghost-like on questioning thought. From that
great host

No greeting rose. Base hirelings only cheered.
The pageant drew the people, brought no hearts.
Therefore I seek young Courtenaye's cell ; last
heir

Of the Plantagenets and line of York.
He owes no grudge to me. Harry the Eighth
Loved not so fair a kinsman near the throne ;
So slew his father, stout King Edward's grand-
son.

With Courtenaye then make I compact alliance.
The man is fair, nor overwise ; and rumour
Whispers that Mary Tudor likes him well.
If Fortune fail, this princely fool my friend—
A woman for my foe—What light is that?

[Pushes a door open : finds a Headsman sharpening his axe.

HEADSMAN.

Plague on you—you disturb my trade.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How now ?

HEADSMAN.

God save you, good my Lord. I knew you not.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why look you on my throat so fixedly ?

HEADSMAN.

Pardon, my Lord, it is a trick grew on me

Long years ago : it came when I cut off—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What came, what came ?

HEADSMAN.

Ah Sir ! you'll not believe me.

'Twas but a double dealing of the eye,
Feigning a red line round a shapely throat.
I saw Anne Boleyn thus when she was crowned—
And she was done to death—was it not strange ?
So Katherine Howard seemed at her last feast—
And she was done to death—and by this hand.
So seemed, when standing by his nephew's throne,
The great Protector Somerset—and he—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No more of this. I seek Lord Devon's cell.

HEADSMAN.

This way, my Lord.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Portents and warnings mock us—
Away ! light omens shake not this firm heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

EXETER's Cell in the Tower.

EXETER.

STEPS—not my warders—hearken—two are
coming,

What next befalls ? all day strange sounds were
rife ;

Trumpets and ordnance. What's to me who reigns
Or dies, or marries ? all the sorry chances
Of courtly life ! mayhap a King is murdered :
'Tis probable—the commonest accident !
Or Queen beheaded : well, if none but Queens,
I might not quarrel with the royal pastime.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and Headsman.

Ha ! I should know that face ; and lackeyed thus
By yon grim doomsman, guess my coming fate.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I greet you well, Lord Marquess Exeter !
Noble Plantagenet !

EXETER.

Hey ! what means this ?
The half-forgotten name—and fatal heritage !
Sir John of Dudley—bear and ragged staff !—
Or memory fails me.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Now, Northumberland.

EXETER.

Indeed ? excuse me : prisoners limp behind
The vaulting world. You are welcome.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I would greet you

With tidings of content.

EXETER.

Long strangers here !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I take your hand : nor coldly, thus, hereafter
Will you, perchance, vouchsafe it. I have power ;
(In Edward's time I only had the will)
To serve you.

EXETER.

Ha ! how well I guessed the truth !
One King the more is dead ! who now rules Eng-
land !

Chaste Boleyn's babe—or the Arragonian whelp ?
No beauty I'll be sworn, unless Time makes one.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The House of Grey is of the royal lineage.
To that King Edward's will bequeaths the crown.

EXETER.

My lady Duchess Queen ?—Now God forbid !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

All cry amen to that—Her Grace of Suffolk
Yields to her wiser daughter—Lady Jane—
My son, Lord Guilford's wife ; now Queen of
England.

EXETER.

O now I do begin to read the stars,
And note what constellation climbs. My Lord,

Excuse the stiffness of imprisoned knees.
The obsolete posterity of Kings,
Lowly should bend to Kings' Progenitors.
Sir Headsman ! art thou married ?

HEADSMAN.

Nay, my Lord.

EXETER.

Get thee a wife then, in good haste : get sons !
Full-bosomed honour, like a plant in the sun,
Plays harlot to the hour. Lo ! thistles burgeon
Even through the red Rose' cradle !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

My good Lord,

Unseasonable wit hath a warped edge,
Whereby the unskilful take unlooked for scars.
Good night—may fancy tickle you in dreams,
In which nor Boleyn's babe (I quote your phrase)
Nor whelp of Arragon—kind Heaven fend !
Nor our grim friend here, with uncivil axe,
Dare mingle. Good night, Courtenaye !

EXETER.

Stay, Sir, stay—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

If at your bidding—yet bethink you well,
This trick of irony is dangerous.
Had you not guessed me for a friend, 'twere fatal

To have used it thus—"The whelp of Arragon!"
"Chaste Boleyn!" What if blood of these shall
chance

To grace, or blot,—(the thought was your's) the
throne?

Were Dudley not a friend, these words might
slay you!

EXETER.

Be blisters on my lips!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The rather salve them :
And for your best physician know John Dudley.
Henceforth we are as one—nay—mark me,
Devon—

Or friends or foes! Are we as one? Why now,
This hand I clasp, and to my living heart
Fold it; in pledge of lasting amity.
So for short space, farewell! I go to plead
Your cause before the Council, and my daughter,
Queen Jane—your loving kinswoman. Good
night!

[*Exit.*



ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Hall of Framlingham.

Enter QUEEN MARY TUDOR attended.

MARY.

WHY is Elizabeth not here to greet me ?
Command her to the Presence. Beding-
field

These midnight ridings, imminent escapes,
Make the heart quiver, and flushed temples throb.
To the chapel, Fakenham : I would fain disburthen
This sinful heart, and tortured brain, of all
The imp-like fancies of this perilous night—
Night, that with penitence must be atoned.

JERNINGHAM [*entering*].

Sir Thomas Wyatt craves immediate audience.

MARY.

Religion claims us first. Let Wyatt wait.

JERNINGHAM.

He will not move his power, until assured

The Church as stablished by the late King's law,
Shall be upheld.

MARY.

May God assoilzie him !
And mend Sir Thomas Wyatt ! Bid him wait.

JERNINGHAM.

My liege—

MARY.

Sir Henry Jerningham, I have said.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH [*kneeling*].

Queen, Sister !

MARY.

To my arms ! Pardie ! sweet Bess,
You daily grow more stately. Your great brows,
Like our Cathedral porches, doubled-arched,
Seem made for passage of high thought.

ELIZABETH.

Regard me

Only as a sister : yet, if you need, or seek
My counsel, it is thine.

MARY.

Nay, nay, fair girl,
My counsel is with bearded warriors,
And grey-cowled wisdom.

ELIZABETH.

Be it as you will.

MARY.

Yet never was kind counsel needed more
By aching heart. Little you know my trials.
The fleetness of my horse scarce saved my life;
And I am Queen in nothing but the name!
Go friends—I would be lonely in my sorrow—
O Sister! canst thou love me? thou her child—
Beautiful Boleyn's daughter! who destroyed
My mother—hapless Queen—dishonoured wife!
Thou too—my brother—spurned from thy throne,
thy deathbed.

O no! I shall go down into my earth
Desolate—unbeloved—I wound thee, sister!
Pardon! I rave—I rave—

ELIZABETH.

Abate this passion!

In very truth I love you—fondly pity—

MARY.

Pity! not pity—give me love or nothing!
I hope not happiness: I kneel for peace.
But no: this crown traitors would rive from me—
Which our great father Harry hath bequeathed
Undimmed to us—a righteous heritage—
This crown which we, my sister, must maintain

Or die ; this crown true safeguard of our People—
Their charter's seal—crushes our peace for ever.
All crowns, since Christ wore his, are lined with
 thorns.

Elizabeth ! that book-demented Jane
Dares mount our father's throne : these base
 new lords
(Sprung from our house's fatal policy)
Turn from our nurturing hand to kiss her feet !
Elizabeth ! though thousands back the upstart,
With hundreds, only, round us, we will smite her !

ELIZABETH.

I love, and will maintain in front of battle,
This spirit, as befits our house.

MARY.

Ha ! ha !

The cross shall lead our battle ! In the van
Shall flame the holy sign ! Elizabeth !
Thou shalt be with me—thou ! albeit thy mother
Bequeathed her misbelief to thee. Beneath
The Cross Pontifical we'll tread to dust
Those sordid Puritans : thou lov'st them not.

Enter FAKENHAM.

Lo, in good time thou comest to register
My vow.

ELIZABETH.

This rage o'ermasters you : yet pause ;
Pause 'til with calmer reason—

MARY.

Am I mad ?

Think you I'm mad ? I have been used to scorn—
Neglect—oppression—self-abasement—aye,
My mother's scorching heritage of woe !
Ha ! as I speak, behold—she visits me—
With that fair choir of Angels trooping round her,
And cherub faces, with expanded wings
Upbearing her ! O blessed saint ! depart not !
Breathe on my cold lips those still cherished
 kisses

Which thine in death impressed ! Sigh in my ear
Those half articulate blessings, unforgotten,
Which made my childhood less than martyrdom !
I'll clasp thee—Mother !

[*Totters forward and falls.*]

ELIZABETH.

Soft : she revives again.
Give no alarm. Observed you this before ?

FAKENHAM.

Not thus demented.

ELIZABETH.

You mistake. Her spirit

Though masculine as well becomes a Tudor,
Yet will her fragile body bend in storms.
Already she revives : be prudent, Sir.

MARY [*recovering*].

Good father, why this look of grief ? My sister,
A grave rebuke looks coldly from your eye.
Ah well, you smile ! you love me in my weakness.
Give me your arm—I need refreshment—sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Open Country in Suffolk.

Enter WYATT, BRETT, and followers.

BRETT.

I TELL thee, Wyatt, these my saucy knaves
Of London City brook no tedious parleys.
It addles clearer heads than ours to scan
Your knotty quodlibets, with such a coil
Of clerkly terms, and law-court jargonry,
Citings of title, precedents and cases—
Here Jane—there Mary—well we've ta'en our
part,
And here we stand right manfully for Mary.
You bid us wait. 'Sdeath, sir, have we not waited

These twenty hours sans sleep, sans food, sans
wine—

Scant welcome for substantial citizens !

I pray you judge this matter reasonably—

WYATT.

The Queen, last night, care-worn and sad, perforce
Declined our audience : in an hour she grants it.

BRETT.

The hours here lost were precious—

WYATT.

Well, they were so—

But here comes Jerningham. What news ?

Enter JERNINGHAM before MARY, ELIZABETH, &c.

JERNINGHAM.

The Queen !

MARY.

We greet you well, our faithful Londoners !
You, Master Brett—and you, Sir Thomas Wyatt.
Why ask ye audience ? time it were for action.

WYATT.

We come prepared for deeds ; but first, frank
speech.

I am too bold I fear me.

MARY.

So fear I.

WYATT.

These men had godly training from their cradles ;
And, Madam, before all things they love God.
That they stand here attests their loyalty.
Your Grace's claim is rightful : Lady Jane's
We, on deliberation, disallow.

MARY.

We are beholden to you : but our right
Divine, needs not arbitrement of men.
Say on.

WYATT.

I speak, my liege, as I am charged :
The mouth-piece of these noble hearts, impledged
To back you, but with conscience satisfied.
We grieve to see the royal banner bear
The holy cross with Peter's keys impaled—
An emblem which we dare not march beneath.
I am bound to tell you, madam, we raise not
Our weapons in a cause not wholly righteous :
Wherefore we crave your royal gauge that all
things
Which touch the Church, rest as King Edward
left them.

MARY.

Gentlemen !—yea, to English Gentlemen
Your Queen, in her extremity of wrong,

orn to buy my rights. I'll hear no more !
 Lord of Arundel, advance our banner !
 Now for your hereditary faith—
 London—forward !

ARUNDEL.

Wyatt, be our guide :
 Captain Brett shall guard the rear.

BRETT.

Lord Marshal,
 City bands listen no voice but mine.

MARY.

's death ! you dare to parley, Master Brett ?
 For our Marshal—or—

BRETT [*sheathing his sword*].

I march no farther !

WYATT.

I—yet on my knees, I pray you, Madam ;
 Not—you will not ? Even yet my prayers
 Shall be for your success, though in this quarrel
 I may not strike.

MARY.

False to thy God art thou,
 Acting thus in presence of the foe !
 Bartering churls obey their natural instinct.
 Thou—of noble blood—Sir ! yon's the road
 To revolted Cousin. She, perchance

May hedge her bauble crown with pageant peers.
Go Sir ! a coronet, or axe, awaits you.
Begone ! you bar our way.

WYATT.

Alas ! my liege,
How much you misconceive us time will show.
Come, Master Brett—yet hear me, Arundel :
We march, 'tis true, apart from your main battle,
But yet so near your flank none shall assail it.

[*Turning to Elizabeth.*

I speak in honour ; trust me. Gracious Lady
Plead thou.

ELIZABETH.

Arise, I pray : what power have I ?

WYATT.

Tell her how many thousand English babes,
Now dancing on their father's knees, shall weep
In orphanage for this—how many wives
Shall tear their widowed locks o'er bloody graves
If this our Queen let loose upon her land
The dogs of persecution, late chained down,
Insatiate brood of Rome !

MARY.

Now, by the Rood !
This is too much. Arrest him !

ELIZABETH.

Pardon, Sister :

He knows not what he says.

MARY.

Traitor, begone !

For once I spare. Advance, I say, our banner !

Up Tudor Dragon in rebellion's face !

Up, crowned Portcullis, guardian of the right !

Strike for King Harry's memory, loyal soldiers !

Strike for King Harry's daughter, grateful ser-
vants !

Strike for the violated law, bold yeomen !

And ye, the church's faithful champions, strike

For the true Cross and the authentic Faith !

[*Exeunt Mary and Elizabeth.*]

BRETT.

Now, by all saints and martyrs calendared !

I could half worship such a tameless woman ;

All shrewish though she be. With what a spirit

Like thunder-riven cloud her wrath poured forth,

And keen words flared ! Ugly and old ?—to that

I shall say nay hereafter. Autumn moons

Portend good harvests. Yet, that glance at parting

Flashed, fierce as sunset through a blasted tree !

But hey ! look yonder, Wyatt : half your men

Are scampering after her.

WYATT.

I marked, and blame not.
I mar no fortune, and coerce no conscience.
There is a fascination—all have felt it—
When Royalty and Woman join in one ;
Austere allegiance softening into love ;
And new-born fealty clinging to the heart
Like a young babe that from its mother's bosom
Looks up and smiles.

BRETT.

Trust me, I am much minded
To join her even yet.

WYATT.

It cannot be.
I feel as you do : but I look beyond
The tempting present. She goes forth to conquer:
So strong a heart must conquer—then, what then ?
Ah ! know you not the indomitable spirit
Which scorns all danger, spurns all compromise,
Is born for stern resolve, deeds pitiless ?
All must be feared from spiritual despotism—
The axe, the stake, tortures, apostasy !

BRETT.

Wyatt, I hate you when you play the augur.

WYATT.

The weight is on my heart of coming doom !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Tower Chapel.

KING EDWARD'S *coffin lying in state.* *Priests,
Heralds, Choristers, &c.*

CHOIR.

Woe, woe, unto the people ! from our head
The crown hath fallen ; our laurel wreath lies
dead !

Our vine that yielded shade and fruit
Hath perished from the root !

ANTICHOIR.

The Lord from out his temple spake in vain :
Vainly his prophets threat, his priests complain
From wisdom all avert the ear ;
The froward will not hear !

CHOIR.

We preached God's wrath ; and bade without
delay,
The carnal heart turn from his evil way.
For surely God's avenging hand
Smites every guilty land.

ANTICHOIR.

And He hath sternly smitten ; as of old,
When stout Josiah perished from the fold ;
And Jeremiah's deep lament
With Israel's weeping blent.

CHOIR.

Woes have begun ; our sorrows multiply ;
Our terrors and our penitential cry !
For well we know we but begin
To pluck the fruits of sin.

ANTICHOIR.

But oh ! ye sorrow-laden ! kneel in prayer
That He, who once redeemed you, still may spare !
The vials of thy wrath no more,
Lord, on thy people pour !

GRANMER.

Weep, though in vain, poor hearts ! cry forth
your sorrow,
Like mendicants that at the temple gates
Compassion crave from every passenger !
And ye who shroud your grief in your close hearts,
The rather let it stream forth from your eyes ;
Eased by the general sympathy.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How's this ?

Why these desponding tones ? Lives not the
Queen ?

A VOICE.

Long live the rightful Queen !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

King Edward dead,
Queen Jane is Queen : I say the rightful Queen.
Your lamentable passion was too loud
For sadness to lie deep ; and ill comports
With heedful loyalty. But be you joyful,
Even in the honoured presence of the dead.
It is the Living, not the Dead who reigns :
Kneel not, then, to the coffin, but the throne.
She comes ! ye trumpeters, awake the air
With cheerful clangour, and salute the Queen !

A VOICE.

Is this a place for cheer ? O vanity
Of vanities !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Who twice thus dares my anger !

FAKENHAM.

Hereafter I shall speak more plainly. [*Exit.*]

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Seize him !

*Enter JANE as QUEEN, led by LORD GUILFORD
DUDLEY, attended by DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK,
&c. &c.*

JANE [*suddenly stopping with a strong shudder*].
What's this ? who has done this ? a sorry trick
To fright me so !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why looks our Jane so pale ?
My Liege—your pardon ! I forgot—but why
That blank look on the ground ?

JANE [*rubbing her eyes*].

'Tis gone—'tis gone !
Yet no—'tis there again ! dread omen !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Give me
Your hand, my liege. [*Aside*] Arouse thee, child !
remember
The eyes of thousands search thee through and
through.
Sleep-walker ! must I lead thee ?

JANE [*drawing back*].

No—not there !
I step not there !

NORTHUMBERLAND [*aside*].

Art mad ?

JANE.

I think I am—

Mother !

DUCHESS.

My child ! what means this terror ?

JANE.

Mother !

As I stand here and live, I saw it there.
A bloody axe—there on that floor—It may be—
It was illusion—yes—I know 'twas so—
But I am sorely shaken—Bear with my weakness—

O Mother, O Northumberland ! mark now
The issue of your plots. Thou knowest, God !
That I am innocent of this offence !
This crown, this coffin-throne, this phantom-axe,
I sought not,—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Have a care. Pause ere you spurn them.
Each backward step is to your husband's grave.
You are moved : you yield : come on !

JANE.

God succour me !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

[*Leading Jane to the head of the bier.*

Barons of England! Prelates of the Church!

Accept Your Queen! God save Queen Jane of
England!

[*Partial acclamations.*

The Queen is thankful for her people's greeting;
As after deeds shall prove. At her command
I lay, my lords, King Edward's Will before you.
This noble deed, so fraught with prescient wisdom,
Discreet discrimination of the Law,
Regard for ancientness and precedent,
Love for his people rather than his kin,
And, above all, true zeal for holy church,
Shall stand a monument, our christian charter,
Pride of all English hearts. My Lords, I use
No trope of phantasy, bombastic phrase,
But speak plain truth in language plain, we affirming
The Nation's with the Church's weal bound up,
Both with this Queen's succession. Take this deed,
Lawfully drawn, authentically vouched;
And here delivered to the assembled State
In presence of the Dead, whom we adjure,
And of the living Princess whom we serve.
Peers, Knights, and Burgesses, behold
Queen! your

KING AT ARMS.

Hear all ye people ! Look upon your Queen !
The high and mighty Princess, Lady Jane,
Grand-daughter of your late King Henry the
seventh,
By right of blood, and by King Edward's will,
Queen of this realm of England, France and
Ireland,

Defender of the Faith ! God save the Queen !

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

[*Throwing down his glove.*

Which I avouch against all adversaries !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

And I make good against a host in arms !

[*Partial acclamations.*

FAKENHAM.

Hear me, ye men of England ! Hear, Jane Grey,
One honest, faithful voice.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Back, miscreant ! darest thou
Withhold her title from the Lord's anointed ?

FAKENHAM.

Anointed not—nor will be ! a vain title,
Blown like a bubble from the popular breath,
Makes not a Queen : but lineal blood, liege love,
And consecration by the Church—that Church

Which on the rock stands firm, and holds the keys !
I fear you not, Duke of Northumberland !
My trust is God—and, under God, this Lady ;
A victim, not a traitress !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Seize, and slay him !
What ho ! the Captain of the Guard !

PEMBROKE.

Not so—

My son is not an executioner.
Pause, good my Lord : this passion shakes her
Grace.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bar not my way !

PEMBROKE.

The time, the place, the presence !
A brawl of blood before the confined King,
And a throned Queen ! [*To Herbert*] Remove
the fanatic
Make room for the regalia !

Officers enter with the regalia ; which they present kneeling. The Nobility then come forward, orderly, to perform homage.

NORTHUMBERLAND [*kneeling*].

In the name

Of England's Peerage, I salute the Queen ;
And, kneeling on this consecrated earth,
Do swear—

PEMBROKE [*sneeringly*].

Not consecrated earth, my Lord !
Her Grace's foot is on Anne Boleyn's grave—
And yours on the Protector Somerset's !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Accursed night of omens ! [*Starting up.*

PEMBROKE.

Pardon, my Lord,—
Her Grace expects the interrupted oath.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I'll have no more ! break up the ceremony—
What noise is that ?

PEMBROKE.

Something hath moved the crowd.
Silent it stood but late in street and court
With upturned faces gleaming to the moon ;
So motionless and passive, their inaction
Trust me, was awful. Now their coldness thaws ;
And, like a snow-slip down the mountain side,
Thundering they rush, choking the narrow ways.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Event treads down event—Shut gates ! up draw-
bridge !

Enter a Warder accompanied by a Courier.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What slave thus startles our solemnities?

Bird of ill omen, speak!

COURIER.

Sir Edward Hastings—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ha! what of Hastings? I much trusted Hastings—

With manifold commissions—

COURIER.

He hath joined

The Lady Mary, with four thousand men.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lay hands upon his brother Huntingdon!

Enter a second Courier.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Varlet! what evil croak is thine?

SECOND COURIER.

Your ships,

Which lately buffeted the German sea,

By stress of tempests driven to Yarmouth roads,

Have yielded to Sir Henry Jerningham.

Enter a third Courier.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What—more disasters?

THIRD COURIER.

The Lord Grey of Wilton
Bade me report, the Earls of Bath, and Surrey,
Joined to Sir William Drury, Sir John Skelton,
And others, men of note, proclaim Queen Mary.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Their heads shall wither on these towers for this !—
Arm, arm, my Lords ! Rebellion is in arms !
And like a reptile must be trod to death.
Suffolk ! 'tis thine to lead thy daughter's battle,
To victory—to vengeance !

PEMBROKE.

Hear calm counsel.
Madam, your father ought to guard your person.
No heart so loving, and no faith so trusty,
As is a father's. Furthermore, where arms
In the ranged field must arbitrate, a Leader
Of marked renown should guide : one whose
known pennon
Shakes terror from its folds. Northumberland
Is Captain of the age.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I go not. Madam,
The soul of safety severs from its body
If I depart. Within this city lurk

Malcontent spirits, that will mount to mischief.
Let Suffolk lead.

SUFFOLK.

Pembroke's advice seems wise.

Guilford approves.

GUILFORD.

I ride forth with my father
To smite this false Bellona !

JANE.

Spare me, Dudley !
My judgement is at fault. Northumberland,
The council's will be our's : Go forth to conquer ;
If conquest, in this cause, indeed be just.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Are your eyes stricken with judicial blindness ?
Or masks this show of zeal some dark intent
That dares not face me forth ? So be it. I go !
But ye who stay, remember, Dudley's sword,
Two-edged, can smite false friend or open foe.

PEMBROKE.

Point you at me, Lord Duke ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I point at no man.
O, my good Lord ! let not the unaccused
By self-excuses seem as self-accused—
Madam, at your command I go. [*Aside*] Hark,
Guilford !—

Watch Winchester : and if you find him false,
Chain him up like a hound. For Pembroke—
mark—

If you suspect him—if you but suspect—
Crush him—as I this beetle ! [*Aloud*] Peers of
England !

As I comport myself, guard you the Queen.

[*Exit Northumberland attended.*]

JANE.

I would be private, for brief space ; to pray
Beside these loved remains.

[*All retire except Lord Guilford, the Duchess and
Fakenham, who kneels, unobserved at the bier.*]

JANE [*kneeling*].

Poor pomp of woe ! ghastly magnificence !
Beneath that veil what fearful sight lies hidden ?
I dare not pry into thy depths, O grave !
For oh ! those eyes, so sweet, severe, are glazed ;
Those lips that were so eloquently wise,
That brain so stored before its time, that heart
Pure as a fountain of celestial love.
Cold are they now—dead, dead ! Pardon, dear
Shade !

The feeble form that dares enact thy greatness.
Not mine that choice, O brother of my soul !
No lust of power unsexed, nor idle gauds


Betrayed my woman's heart : the public weal,
Thy will, alone, compelled ; dragging me hither,
To pine, a pageant Queen—or—God have mercy !
Sink an abortive traitor to these vaults
Whose every pavement is the monument
Of public crime avenged.

GUILFORD.

You rave, my Jane !
These shadows vex your brain.

FAKENHAM.

I charge you, stay !
Daughter, I heard, rejoicing—in my heart
Thy passionate pleadings sank, sacred as thoughts
Breathed in confessional. Hear in return
The voice of God. The Heaven to which I point
Attests my truth, and I adjure the dead ;
Laying my hand upon his coffined dust !
Treason—and ye have overstepped its verge—
Treason, the Judas crime, that, in itself,
Includes all other horrors that deform
The angelic guise of Man—this sin strikes home
To Heaven itself : for Majesty divine
His own imperial type vouchsafes to earth !
Ay, Kings are by God's ordination fixed
On pedestals so fenced with faith and worship,
Compassed with sacramental oaths and incense,



That to deface, obstruct, or counterfeit
Is of the Church accursed, by human law
Banned without pity, and avenged by God.
Hear me, fair child ! more sinned against than
sinful—
Time yet remains for penitence.

JANE [*flying to her Mother*].

O shield me !

Re-enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How's this ? Pernicious Priest ! we meet again.
You prophesied these vaults—foresaw the scaffold.

FAKENHAM.

The spirit that was then, is now upon me.
The block is near, but which shall be the victim,
Which witness I discern not.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Juggler, Wizard !

The flames shall purge that spirit—Jane, your
hand—

Your's, Guilford—I must speak one hurried word
Ere treacherous tasks part us, perhaps for ever.
This soft hand, Jane, unaided; is too weak
To uphold the sceptre ; and this polished brow
To bear an unsupported diadem.

'Twere well the matrimonial throne were shared.
Young though he be, my son's strong temper-
ament,
And subtlety—that's his inheritance—
Boldly shall shield it. You speak not—Kneel,
Guilford !

Kneel to your Queen for safety : supplicate
Your wife for thus much love.

JANE.

Strengthen me, God !
Support my fond, weak nature. No, dear husband !
This may not be—no royal blood is thine—
No subject can ascend the throne—the Law
Forbids it as a crime.

GUILFORD.

Love can do much—
Straining, not wresting law. Fathers of kings
Are not unworthy crowns they can transmit.

JANE.

Guilford ! I love thee fondly : but this thing
I dare not—will not do.

FAKENHAM.

O noble creature !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Dog, if thou barkest I will strike thee dead.

FAKENHAM.

Strike, if it be permitted thee: if not,
The angel of the Lord can burst these walls,
And free his servant, as he freed of old
The apostle Peter! I defy thee!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Marry!

They spoiled in thee a marvellous good player,
Making a monk. Remove him! Queen! farewell!
Lack-wits are castaways betimes.

GUILFORD.

Farewell!

JANE.

Abandoned by my husband? God have pity!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Guilford, remain; or all is lost. I join
Your hands. Forgive her. All may yet go well.
[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street in Cambridge.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I HAVE plunged too deep. The current of
the times

Hath been ill-sounded. Frosty discontent
Breathes chilly in the face of our attempt :
And, like the dry leaves in November winds,
These summer-suited friends fly my nipped
branches.

What's to be done? Time, like a ruthless hunter,
Tramples my flying footsteps ! banned and baited
By my own pack, dogs fed from mine own hand
Gnash fangs and snarl on me ! Palmer ! what ho !

Enter SIR JOHN PALMER.

Thine eyes are downcast—heavy falls thy step—
Sure token of bad tidings.

PALMER.

Ah ! my Lord,

Let me advise—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Advise me no advice !

Let me know facts. Will our men fight—or
march ?

At least will they disband ? You shake your head.

PALMER.

Indeed, my lord, the signs of disaffection
Are manifold. Some stalk with sullen brow
Musing apart : some gather in pale knots
Whispering with sidelong glances : some stride
boldly,
Attesting men and saints that you betray them.
In vain have I assayed all flatteries :
At threats they laugh.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Good Palmer, threaten not :
Sooth rather—We must change our course, my
friend.

PALMER.

Too late !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What other hope remains ? I thought
To loose a tempest on the Tudor's head :

But like a summer shower it melts away.
Too bright the sunshine of true loyalty
Flames in our eyes. The sword fails : we must
kneel.

PALMER.

You should have weighed this ere you goaded us
To this alternative. The lion's paw
Is terrible to those who fly, or grovel.
Are you not moved ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I have been Fortune's mate,
So long, my friend, I trust not in her smiles—
Fear not her frown. I tell thee, Fortune's wheel
O'er the subjected world of men and things
Shall yet roll onward, bearing Dudley's Fates.
If time hold out, at worst one friend remains—
Our Adversary's madness ! That shall avail
More than our best of wit. I know this Mary :
But the world, knowing not, made her an Idol.
She shall be known ere long. I bide my time.
Here part we—save thyself. [*Exit Palmer.*]

Now wit befriend me !
These Malcontents !—still will I march their leader.
And be the first to hail her Queen. If spared,
With jibe for jibe I meet short-witted knaves :
He who would rise bends while the tempest raves,

SCENE II.

*Wanstead Heath.**Enter MARY, ELIZABETH, ARUNDEL, &c.*

ARUNDEL.

HEAVEN smiles, my liege, upon the righteous
cause.

Welcome thus far upon your prosperous way.
Here rest your wearied foot—your foes disperse
Frail as the dust before their giddy feet.

MARY.

How name you this fair prospect ?

ARUNDEL.

Wanstead Heath :

By Epping chase.

MARY.

How blest these breezy downs,
With purple heath and golden gorse enamelled ;
Each bosky bank with dewy windflowers strewn,
Each dell with cowslip and rathe violet—
And the sun-loving daisy on hill tops
Drinking the light ! Ah, happy shepherd's life !
He this sweet solitude, without constraint,
Explores, his chosen damsel at his side :

Recounting tales of love and plighted faith :
Or from his pipe pours such delicious song
That the wild hare in the close bitten lane
Pauses with ear erect, and timorous deer
That down the labyrinthine forest glade
Goes bounding, starts aside, and turns to gaze.

ELIZABETH.

Old times return—discourse for ever thus.

MARY.

Beneath this chesnut canopy, sun-proof,
Cool as a cavern on the ocean shore,
I'll take my rest.

ELIZABETH.

Not new to me this scene.

Oft have I chased the red deer through these wilds,
With our loved Edward.

MARY.

Saints be with him now !
He loved you, Bess : not me the unbeloved !

ELIZABETH.

He loved you well till traitors edged between.
God pardon him.

MARY.

And them ! Preserve me, Lord,
From the vindictive Fiend that tempts my spirit.

ELIZABETH.

Forswear sad thoughts. In fancy let us rove
These downs and coverts. From yon breezy brow,
Like a monk's head close-shaven, with boscage
fringed,

Oft have I watched Paul's steeple, o'er the smoke
Of the great City glistening like a pyre.
Along the horizon spread the billowy tops
Of Hainault's forest oaks : nor far uprears
The Fairlop tree his huge trunk, grey and bossy ;
A mighty shade, where village maids at eve
In dance and song with rural archers sport.

[*A distant Trumpet sounds.*

ARUNDEL.

The hart is near the toils. Thoughtless of fate,
I hear his wanton belling on the wind.

Enter WINCHESTER and PEMBROKE.

MARY.

You are welcome.

PEMBROKE.

On our knees we sue for pardon :
For that, long hampered in false Dudley's meshes,
We stood aloof, in mock disloyalty.
Praise be to God ! the summer Sun hath risen
To dry our tearful cheeks. God save the Queen !

MARY.

Well have I known your hearts were dutiful
Albeit your outward carriage was unliegeful.
Let worthy posts, Lord Marshal, be assigned
them ! [*Great shouting heard.*

ARUNDEL.

Fortune comes bounding on a flowing tide.

MARY.

What means this tumult ?

ARUNDEL.

Dudley's ill-sorted Bands
Have flung their arms aside ; and hither rush,
Frenzied with loyal zeal.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND with Soldiery in
disorder.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hold back ! this ardour
Shall fright the Queen, not please her ! Thus,
my men ! [*Throwing up his cap.*
God save Queen Mary !

MARY.

Down with your sword ! what mean you ?
Me thou can'st neither frighten nor cajole.
Kneel, traitor, kneel !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lowly to earth abased,
A penitent sincere, I crave your mercy !
I might have lived an exile ; but prefer
To stoop my forfeit head and trust your pity.
Too well my momentary treason (yea
Treason it seems till you have read my soul)
Deserves death. Yet considerably judge
Confessed infirmity ; remembering mercy,
That best prerogative of Royalty !
The common herd— [Pauses.

MARY.

Nay, let your say be said.
You have license, Sir ; proceed.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I cannot harm you—
But can well serve. For I have piloted
The state so long that all its perilous leaks
And privy treasons are to me revealed,
And shall to your Grace if this poor life be spared.

MARY.

My Lord, I muse much at your strange appeal :
And shall take counsel on it.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Not with my foes !
So were I crushed to screen their double treason.

Your gracious nature knows not to delude.
Trust your own wisdom. Give me hope !

MARY.

To live

In righteous hope needs hope beyond this world.
They only who serve God in his true Church
Partake that blessing. Sir, you should have hope :
But you have served, till now, whom hope disowns.
I shall revolve your suit. My Lord, retire.
Keep him in ward, not rigorous, but observant.

[*Exit Queen Mary, attended.*]

NORTHUMBERLAND [*aside*].

My title she withholds not. That is well.
And when she lectured of the hope men feel
Who serve in the true Church, her eye had
meaning
Beyond her words. True Church ? there's food
herein
For cautious meditation.

ARUNDEL.

Please you, my Lord,
We must proceed. Time presses. Forward, my
men !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Great Hall of the Tower.

Enter JANE with GUILFORD.

JANE.

MIDNOON—yet silent as midnight! my heart
Flutters and stops—flutters and stops again—
As in the pauses of a thunder storm;
Or a bird cowering during an eclipse.
Alone, through these deserted halls we wander,
Bereft of friends and hope. Speak to me, Guilford.

GUILFORD.

Thy heart-strings, Jane, strengthened by discipline,
Endure the strain.

JANE.

Say rather, my Religion
Hath taught this good. Nor lacks our female
nature
Courage to meet inevitable woe
With a beloved one shared.

GUILFORD.

I cannot bear this!
Is no one near? My throbbing brain will burst!

Not one of all those courtling servitors
Who thronged this hall but yesternight? Heaven's
curse

Palsy their servile souls—smirkers and cringers !
Where are they now ? Gone like foul fogs to choke
The morn they hail.

JANE.

Such is men's deem of us.
We have obscured a dawn ! If spared, God grant
We may make bright the Queen's triumphant way
Like clouds that glorify the wake of noon.

GUILFORD.

Away this specious wisdom ! it but goads me !
Kiss me, sweet Jane ! Soothe me with loving
words—

Breathing warm fancies, nectared as thy breath !
One passionate embrace may stifle thought.
But this cool meekness stings me. [*Embracing her.*

JANE [*withdrawing hastily*].

Ah, for pity !
Is this a time ? We should concentrate thought,
Not dissipate—make strong our hearts, not
weaken.

GUILFORD.

What would you have ?

JANE.

Be all a man should be—
A Christian man, a loyal gentleman!

GUILFORD.

And you?

JANE.

I am content to die with you.

GUILFORD.

Jane! I'm not worthy of you.

JANE.

Nay, dear Love,
Say not so—think not so. I am too bold—
Indeed I was too bold: and 'twas not wife-like
So to repulse you—See, my father comes.
What news, my father?

Enter DUKE and DUCHESS of SUFFOLK.

SUFFOLK.

Dudley too falls from us.
He was the first of all that craven crew
In Epping Chase to cry "God save Queen Mary!"
Foul Traitor!

JANE.

O my husband! I forgive him.
And thou—resent not that my Father chafes.

SUFFOLK.

Daughter, the time is come when you must doff

This regal style and ill-beseeming state :
The ceremonials, now the exequies,
Of your departed greatness.

JANE.

Sir, far better
Brook I this order, than my forced advancement.
Too dutiful a daughter, I forgot
A subject's duty, when, at your behest,
Reluctantly, yea sinfully, I wore them.
Take back the crown. Even yet a prompt submission
May quit my great offence. Go then, my Father,
Seek out the Council. In our names renounce
This treason. Plead, while the Queen's gracious heart
Melts in this summer solstice of success.

DUCHESS.

Simple as wise, thy counsels now shall guide us.
Haste we ! the growing tumult in the street
Heralds the Queen.

SUFFOLK.

Beloved Jane ! pray for us.
For thou alone art fit to call on God !

[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess.*]

Enter FAKENHAM, who approaches JANE.

FAKENHAM.

Daughter, your hand !—Excuse a poor monk, Sir,
Who not unused to royalty, makes bold
To pity one who must lay down a crown ;
To reverence one whose virtues would have
graced it :

To comfort one who, having worn it wrongly,
Bows her meek spirit to the chastisement.
I take your hand : and—what I would not do
In your prosperity—with bended knee,
Kiss humbly ; paying to your spiritual brightness
That homage which your grandeur could not win.

JANE.

Fakenham ! true minister of Christ art thou !
Fearless of danger in discharge of duty ;
And to the mourner prodigally kind.

FAKENHAM.

Perhaps I can be serviceably kind.
I am your witness that your will was thrall
To ever-blinding love ; mistaken duty.
You both are very young—you and your
husband :
And he so wrought on that his dazzled eyes
Saw haloes and mock suns where'er they turned.

I who have known the world, and knowing,
 spurned it,
Who for myself would dare, for others invoke,
The worst of temporal suffering if thereby
Fruition might be won of joys immortal,
I warn you, by no quibble seek to ward
Right judgement. Plead your kindred : sue for
 mercy—
God give you light and grace !

JANE.

My conduct, Sir,
Shall be to your advice conformable.

FAKENHAM.

The council freed me ; rendering all the captives
Unto my charge. Ah, precious were those souls
That pined so long for the pure air of heaven !
These have I called to meet the Queen : and thus
Make Liberty the first fruits of her reign.

Enter EXETER, GARDINER, BONNER, TON-
STALL, &c.

O worthy gentlemen ! I greet you well !

GARDINER.

Thee first, O Lord ! we bless for this great mercy !
Through intercession of good saints vouchsafed !
To thee too, blessed Virgin ! we give thanks,

For life, for liberty, for heaven restored ;
And holy Church thus justified in us !
Good Fakenham—chosen instrument—receive
The Church's benediction !

FAKENHAM.

I am thankful.

Thine this peace-offering, Lady ! May the Queen
Accept the precious gift with spirit appeased !

JANE.

O Guilford, hope !

GUILFORD.

It may not be : this man
Deceives himself, or us ; the very captives,
Whom we had spared, pass us with looks averted.
Jane, we must brave the worst !

JANE.

Endure it, Guilford !

*A salute of trumpets : acclamations : the castle gate
is opened. Enter QUEEN MARY in warlike habi-
liments, with ELIZABETH : preceded by a large
golden cross. Also ARUNDEL, WINCHESTER,
PEMBROKE, SUFFOLK, with his DUCHESS. Other
Lords, Herald, and Soldiers.*

MARY.


Here plant the Cross—staff of our pilgrimage !

The pillared cloud at noon, and flame by night,
That cheered my fainting heart, and made me
fearless. [*She kneels before the Cross.*]

Type of our Faith! awful expositor
Of mysteries unspeakable! thou leading,
Have I not followed with untiring hope,
Taintless fidelity? Have I not dared
Dangers from open foes, from friends estranged,
Hateful suspect even on my household floor,
Perils of death, perils of mine own heart—
And in my brain—threatening my very soul?
Yet do I not for this, O Virgin Mother!
Arrogate glory. Honour to thee! who hither—
Even to my Father's hall, hast led me victor;
Calm, though much moved; exulting yet not
proud:

By triumph undebased. [*Rising*]. Fakenham—
good father!

Servant of the Most High, in his name, hail!
These are thy liberated captives? Well
Hast thou performed thy dangerous offices.
Bid them come near. O venerable Prelates!
Scarce less than Martyrs, ye I first salute.
Gardiner! uplift the cross once more in Winton.
Tonstall! take back thy staff to Durham. Bonner!
Be mitred chief of this proud city again.



My Lord of Norfolk, with much joy I greet you ;
First of our English Barons. You, fair cousin
Of Exeter, come hither—Ha ! long years
Of durance have not dimmed thy soft brown eyes,
Nor streaked with silver thread thy chestnut curls.
I marvel at thy freshness, gracious youth,
Young as thou art ; for prisoned years count
double.

Lead me, dear cousin, to my throne : now kneel.
Rise up, Sir Edward Courtenaye, Knight of St.
George !

Fakenham, what wouldst thou say ?

FAKENHAM.

Receive, my Liege,
These captives from a hand, that, seeming guilty,
Is yet most pure. From this unhappy lady
Accept this priceless boon.

JANE.

Pardon, sweet Cousin !
Pardon, wronged Queen ! Let my compunction
wake

Pity, yet slumbering in your woman's heart.
You turn away !—then God be my support !

FAKENHAM.

Beware !

JANE.

Ah Sir ! too gently have you judged me.
Usurper of the consecrated crown,
The sacred sceptre, how can I be pure ?
Welcome Adversity, lifter up of veils !
Before me, naked as a soul for judgement,
Stands up my sin. 'Tis well ! the worst is o'er !
Suffer I must ; but I will sin no longer !
Can you forget ?—dare you forgive ? If not
I bow, a penitent resigned.

FAKENHAM.

Great Queen !

At this most hallowed moment shed not blood !
Do I presume ?

MARY.

Sir, you presume. Your station
Is our confessional. There, as a daughter,
I stand submiss—your Sovereign here. These
nobles,
These prelates are my lawful council. These
I can rely on, and my proper self.
Who dreamed I was athirst for blood ? God's
death !
An if I were—or if the general weal—
Or if the people's cry—or if the Church,
Uttering the voice of Heaven, demanded,—who
Should stay my hand ?

FAKENHAM.

Alas ! I say no more.

MARY.

You have said too much. Competitors for thrones
For ever lose the rights of privacy.
If tools of faction, what avail their virtues ?
They represent opinion ; are its leaders—
And must confront the perils they provoke ;
The penalty that gnaws the heart of treason ;
Promethean pangs which the roused Majesty
Of Heaven inflicts on those who grasp its fires !

FAKENHAM [*aside*].

The demon wakes within her heart : yet hope.
I wait a milder moment.

MARY.

Duke of Suffolk !

Your case—and yours, madam, my cousin, differ
From your bad daughter's. We commit to you
Her custody—beware you break not trust—
But separate from her husband.

JANE [*kneeling*].

Part us not !

MARY.

Separate from her husband ; and confined
Within these walls. What grace soe'er we yield

To you, extends not to this guilty couple.
They answer their offence. No more. Depart.

*[Exeunt Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, Lady
Jane, and Lord Guilford Dudley.]*

Your hand, my Sister. Exeter, take this
Your Sovereign's hand ; and this her fairer sister's.
Lead forward : be henceforth our chamberlain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Street in London.

Enter BEDINGFIELD and JERNINGHAM.

JERNINGHAM.

THE Queen hath won her own : the kingdom peace.
May both wax prosperous ! but to that end
Means must be found agreeable to Heaven.
I do not think her Grace assured in health.
What if she die : die childless ?

BEDINGFIELD.

Heresy

Will triumph with reaction terrible.
Not Jane, nor yet Elizabeth will spare.

JERNINGHAM.

She should be urged to marry.

BEDINGFIELD.

Whom ?

JERNINGHAM.

I know not.

Some English gentleman—say Exeter,
From prisoned boyhood grown to gracious man-
hood.

BEDINGFIELD.

Her father slew his father. Blood cements not
Fabricks of love. Besides, captivity
Hath left him scant of knowledge.

JERNINGHAM.

Comely he his,

And stately in his presence—gracefully bows—
Talks nothings airily—is affable—
He lacks not what shall please a woman's eye.

BEDINGFIELD.

A Queen who loves her people, seeks in wedlock,
A counsellor to guide her troubled hours.
Will Exeter be such ?

JERNINGHAM.

There is a man,
Whose royalty of soul outstrips his birth—
Whose youthful graces pleased her maiden fancy
Long years ago ; ere yet an honest frankness
Drove him, a fugitive, from Henry's hate—

Reginald de la Pole.

BEDINGFIELD.

The Cardinal ?

Alas that one word clips the wings of hope !

JERNINGHAM.

No. The last vow, which bars him from the
world,

He hath not ta'en. Pole would adorn a crown.

BEDINGFIELD.

Religion fills his heart. No room for love !

Courtenaye is near ; and opportunity

Feathers Love's arrow. She will take the wound.

JERNINGHAM.

Has ta'en—if I see rightly. Marked you not

Her mien—her eyes—her smiles—her gracious
words—

When first they met.

BEDINGFIELD.

Yes—he will be her choice.

JERNINGHAM.

What if he choose not her ? Have you not marked

His eyes are on the Princess, while his tongue

Waits on the Queen.

BEDINGFIELD.

Thou hast the trick of courts.

The double dealer still sees double meanings.

JERNINGHAM.

May all end well! But much my mind misgives me.
Equals in age, Time, as it flies, endears ;
But pairs ill-matched, dispart with parting years.

SCENE V.

The QUEEN'S Cabinet.

Enter MARY, ARUNDEL, GARDINER.

MARY.

THESE orders expedite. I shall preside
At this great trial.

ARUNDEL.

Doth it please your Grace
That all shall be arraigned to-day—or each
Called separately to plead?

MARY.

Each separately :
But all confronted. Hark you—there are rumours
Of tumults in the city ; gatherings
Of sottish malcontents in hostelrys ;
And fanatick preachments in the Queen's high-
way.

Let the Queen's Sheriffs look to this. I brook

No nightmare wonderments—no babbling
brooders

Over small plots : wring off the heads of such.

It is reported that Sir Thomas Wyatt

In Suffolk speaks great things : admonish him :

And that one Captain Brett his mouth enlarges,

Among swash-bucklers, prentices, and gownsmen,

Against our rights. Cut me this license short.

I know this Brett ; a dangerous man, who parleys

With treason, and consorts with hereticks ;

A man without respect for forms or persons.

Your office puts into your hand a sword

To smite such evils. Let it be done.

GARDINER.

Dread Madam,

The voice that I shall speak with to offenders,

Pitched at your tone, shall make the guilty

tremble !

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Great Hall of the Tower, as a Court.

Enter QUEEN MARY, attended by GARDINER as Chancellor, NORFOLK as High Steward, ARUNDEL as Earl Marshal, CRANMER, PEMBROKE, WINCHESTER, &c. After these, JANE GREY and LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY, with DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, as prisoners, preceded by the Headsmen carrying the axe with its edge from them. DUKE and DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, &c.

MARY [*from the Throne*].

OPEN the Court! Norfolk, High Steward presiding.

GARDINER.

I stand before your Highness and your Barons
Accuser of these Lords, and this sad Lady,
Of treasons, so notoriously sustained
By overt acts and speech we need not witness.
But something I must say touching the root

Of these offences. I have somewhere read
That in the Indian isles there grows a tree
Of goodliest aspect, spreading to the sun
A canopy of shade so redolent
Of odours, and attractive in that clime
By its inviting coolness, that the unwary
Are tempted to their ruin ; for within
The beauty of that bower lurks Death : the air
Draws poison from its bloom, and all it shelters
Die ! in that tree behold this criminal !
He in young Edward's court fatally flourished !
Our nobles sat within his shade, and perished !
Witness for me that princely Somerset,
The King's own uncle, noblest of the land !
What need to sum his wiles, rapacities ? ●
Ye exiles, and extinguished hearths, make answer !
Sprung from a tainted stock, behold him leap,
As at a bound, even to the height of all !
From knighthood to a dukedom—favourite—
Sole minister of the inexperienced King :—
Managing all, responsible for all—
(Ah there we touch you, Sir,—responsible !)
Alone in power, alone you must account.
But why waste breath on petty crimes like these ?
To mount the throne for him were past all compass :
But Sire of Kings he might be. Therefore he
matched

His son to Lady Jane, a royal maiden ;
Threatening the throne with dangerous approach.
The King might die ? the royal sisters fall
By monstrous fictions of wrenched law o'er-
powered !
The King might die ! Alas ! the King did die !
Died opportunely !—But I abstain. Not now
Is that foul deed in question—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Fouly you strike !
Hinting my life away, branding my fame
With rumours vile, and lying as the lips
That utter them !

NORFOLK.

You must be silent, Sir,
You shall be heard in your defence.

GARDINER.

That question
May well be pretermitted : but the fact
Is not, and cannot be, denied, he made
Or sought to make his son's wife Queen of Eng-
land.
How he so practised on the dying King
I show not forth. The matter, not the manner,
Was the sufficient crime. Nor moot we here
The royal right to alter the succession.

Enough, the late King was deceived, enforced ;
And, in the very agony of death,
Knew not his acts. My Lord of Canterbury !
You, who were present, know that this is true.
But why to you, or meaner personages,
Refer ? The Queen saw ; and can testify.

MARY.

I witnessed at the death-bed of my brother
Scenes of foul fraud and force ; the prisoner
present,
A busy agent—he will not deny it.

GARDINER.

My Lords ! Religion was the plea for this.
Religion, a wide cloak for godless knaves !
What, knew they not the apostolick rule
That men are bound to obey even sinful Princes ?
Who dares insinuate that our Queen's right rule
Shall be a snare for conscience ? Hypocrites !
Why claim ye toleration, yet refuse it ?
Faith your perpetual cry, yet would ye stifle
That Faith which is the trust of other hearts.
Your Bible is your Idol : all must bow
Before your exposition of its sense,
Or forfeit all—the very throne !—blind plotters !
To shun pretended dangers ye have plunged
Into assured destruction. Now, behold !

Irrevocable crime stands up for judgment !
My Lords, I claim your sentence !

NORFOLK.

Lady Jane,
And you, Lord Guilford Dudley, are you guilty ?

JANE.

Strengthen me Thou who helpest all in trouble !
Flush my pale lips with truth—let fear not sully
My royal blood, fount of perpetual sorrow !
I wake from the vain dream of a blind sleep,
Nothing to hide, nothing extenuate.
My Lords, reverse to me this good hath brought,
That I who dimly saw, now plainly see,
And seeing loathe my fault, and loathing, leave it.
The bolts of heaven have split the aspiring tower
Of my false grandeur ; and through every rent
The light of heaven streams in. Bear with me
further—

I am ashamed to speak in such a presence—
But there is one—my dear, dear husband,—
spare him !

One victim should suffice. My great offence
Needs expiation : I am here to make it.
My Lords, this day shall stand in English annals
For ever memorized ; establishing
The law's dominion and the rightful rule.

In time to come it shall be known, ambition
Was not my nature though it makes my crime.
I waste your leisure—pardon me—I've done.
One grace alone I crave—in mercy weigh
My husband's sore temptation—spare my husband !

FAKENHAM [*aside*].

She rises from the sea of her great trouble,
Like a pure infant glowing from the bath !

GUILFORD.

I too, my Lords, am guilty. Nought but youth,
And sad misguidance, and connubial love
Extenuate my guilt. I kneel for mercy !

NORFOLK.

Does my Lord Duke plead as his son hath pleaded?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No ! he hath pleaded as his fate constrains :
Albeit my limbs thereby are doubly shackled.
Madam ! to you I turn. Trial by peers
Cannot to me be just. Of those who judge
How many are my noted foes !

PEMBROKE.

Not I !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ha ! the vexed adder hisses ! Well, my Lords !
If this be treason (which if rightly construed

By motives, as sure documents shall prove,
Might bear a milder name) shall men sit there,
There on that bench, once my accomplices?
It was no treason at the King's command,
To stablish the King's will by force of Law!
If treason, then it was not mine alone,
Who joined what all approved—

PEMBROKE.

You prompting them!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Are you both judge and witness? Sacred honour!
Can such things be? That act of council bears
Its attestation in its signatures.
Give me the instrument. What names are here?
Some before mine, Here Thomas Cantuar;—
Here Marquis Winchester, Lord Treasurer,—
Here—worthy—Pembroke; and his son Lord
Herbert,

The captain of the guard to Lady Jane.
Why, my Lords, sit you there, if I stand here?—
The reverend Prelate, labouring with dark tropes,
Spake of a poison tree—pointing at me
His sorry wit: if he implies by this
That in my heart this plot had origin,
I will not say he lies—my poor condition,
His office, bar that taunt—but I say this,

He wrongs me. Fanatick I have not been ;
Nor disputant : too little versed am I
Even in the grammar of the science divine,
To make theology rebellion's text,
Or for my flag hang out a preacher's gown !
Too much my youth, devoted to my Prince,
And later life to labours of the State
Have turned my thoughts from heaven. Now
on life's verge

With aching heart I stand, bound to clear up
Doubts that have long oppressed me. I have done.
Well know I that these judges will condemn me—
But thou, most pious Queen, pity my soul !

NORFOLK.

Barons of England you have heard. How say you ?
Are these who stand accused before you guilty ?

PEMBROKE.

Guilty, upon my honour !

ALL.

Guilty, guilty !

NORFOLK.

What doth her Grace award ?

MARY.

The Law says—Death !

JANE.

O mercy for my husband !

MARY.

Jane, my People—

This realm of England—must have peace. Alas !
Too clearly I foresee peace and thy life
Are inconsistent things. Nathless, thy doom
Shall not be hurried. Time for thee—for me—
Must be reserved. Let sentence be recorded.
Against this hapless pair—no warrant written.
Sir John of Dudley ! titles, wealth, domains,
Henceforth you forfeit : which may yet be shared
Among your worthier sons. That conscience-
stricken

You do repent your spiritual misdeeds
We much rejoice to learn. The dean of Paul's
Our confessor shall yield you ghostly counsel.
Break up the court ! you are released, my Lords !—
Come hither, Exeter ! I would confer
With thee some half hour hence—in private—
take

My hand. Adieu ! till then.

*[Exeunt Mary, Elizabeth, Nobles and others.]*NORTHUMBERLAND *[aside to Guilford].*

Did you mark that ?

My Lords, if one yet mindful of old times
Can heed a fallen man's prayer, I crave short
audience :

Lord Exeter, you are no foe, I think—
Will you vouchsafe brief speech ?

EXETER.

I am your servant.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Courtenaye—you owe no wrong to me—nay,
rather,
Friendship—well, call it service, if you will.
Service I claim, and you can yield. Observe me:
I hailed you once Plantagenet ; you are so :
Heir of the house of York : and what of that ?
I move you to no treason—start not, Sir !
We are watched—stand nearer. The Queen loves
you, Courtenaye !
Tut man ! I know it. Hear me patiently.

EXETER.

You try my patience, I confess.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

So be it.

Yet had I marvelled, if the man I spake to
In presence of yon headsman—you remember?—
Had checked me harshly. You, Plantagenet,
Loved by the Queen (ay, marry, and the Princess)
Must blend your pure blood with her doubtful
strain.

EXETER.

Sir, this is idle.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Not a whit—if you
Spurn not kind fortune : trample not your friends.
Your ear. The Queen, I grant you, is “no beauty
Unless age makes one !”—The Arragonian wears
A diadem, what though she be “a whelp !”
You mark ?—or say you, take “chaste Boleyn’s
babe”—

She suits you best, and you affect her most—
But she is not the Queen. Take Mary Tudor !

EXETER.

My Lord ! I see your drift.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ha !, ha ! you speak
With due respect once more. Fair be the omen !

EXETER.

What can I do ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

When, ere an hour hath passed,
You shall receive her troth-plight, think of me.
Obtain—she’ll not deny it then—my pardon.
Thenceforth am I your serviceable friend.
Farewell ! I wait her Grace’s confessor.
Ere I unload my grief ’twere wise to send me
Good tidings. On your conduct I mould mine.

EXETER.

I'll hope the best for you.

NORTHUMBERLAND,

And to the best ?

EXETER.

I'll do it.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Princely Exeter ! For this

These halls shall echo yet thy Dudley's shout—
God save King Edward of that name the seventh !

*[Exeunt severally, Exeter &c. and the prisoners,
preceded by the headsman, carrying his axe's
edge towards them.]*

SCENE II.

*The QUEEN'S Cabinet.**Enter MARY alone.*

MARY.

BUT that my day hath passed its matin prime,
And timeless sorrow withered all my bloom,
I should not yield my heart to these blank doubts.
How shall a subject dare approach his Queen
With love unbid ?—I cannot live alone.

This heart, so long beset with panther passions,
Yearns for the trusty countenance of love.
I cannot live alone. Our woman nature
Doth need support, and loves the hand that
guides it.

O miserable Mother—doomed to creep,
With blasted heart, to a dishonoured grave !
Terrible Father ! Must I from each inherit
Your separate Nemesis—predestined woes ?
And dare I dream of love ? never for me
Shall that sweet bud unfold its perfect flower.
I *have* loved—it is past—O Reginald !
Thou art avenged, my early love, my only !
Yet why, why take the irrevocable vow ?
Fruitless repinings hence ! In such a mood
I must not meet this youth. Forgotten blush !
Dost thou come back ? let me consult thee, mirror.
Plain-spoken Monitor ! what dost thou teach ?
That eye alone retains its glance of power ;
Dark as a caverned well, profound, pelucid ;
Quick to flash back all gleams of angry light,
Or softer radiance. But where hast thou fled,
Bloom of young health—life's vernal tide, that like
The sap, developes the sweet wealth of flowers ?
Those knitted brows—that forehead scored with
lines—

Those lips compressed and stern—those pallid
cheeks—

Ay—Time, and blighting Care have done their
work !

I'll look no more ! what if he loath—reject me !
Or—fearful thought !—accept and hate ? or stoop
In meretricious spirit to caress
The hand that gives a sceptre ?

[*She covers her eyes with her hands.*

After a pause enter EXETER, who kneels beside her.

EXETER.

Queen ! sweet mistress !
Your too presumptuous cousin dares approach
This fair hand with a kiss. Hope like the lark,
Warbles too high for ears on earth to hear it.

MARY.

Too quickly, palled with courtly blandishments,
Doth Royalty to dangerous power admit
False favourites. What, Courtenaye, wouldst
thou be ?

EXETER.

Your true Knight : sworn to reverential love !

MARY.

You talk of love ! Well know I that true love
Visits not thrones. The lonely sitter there

Find's dangers by-wishings, but one
Time's words must be baptized in tears :
Must bow and weep before the chancier Time :
And grieve by self-accusment purified.
Being a Queen, I tremble at this love—
Being a woman, tremble to refuse it.

EXETER.

Accept it, noblest lady ! wanting love,
We miss all hope of the chief blessedness
Of life ; all nuptial comforts ; joys of offspring :
The ornaments of youth, and props of age.
Choose then—but worthily.

MARY.

Oh Edward, Edward !

I know thy wish— [Pauses.

EXETER.

Speak on, sweet Saint, speak on !

MARY.

At least what thou would'st have me think thy
wish—

EXETER.

Can you suspect ?

MARY.

Suspicion comes of sorrow.
Pain, wrong, oppression breed distrustful
thoughts.

I cast them from me ! Can I have read in vain
The language of thine eyes, thy lips, thy heart ?
Long since, and oft, thy prisoned sighs have
 reached me—
But then we met not. Were such sighs sincere ?

EXETER.

Thy matchless constancy—thy fearless truth,
Won love from all.

MARY.

From all ? I wished but one !

EXETER.

Since we have met have not plain words been
 spoken ?
Have I dissembled ?

MARY.

Then were I wronged indeed !

EXETER.

O Mary, doubt no more !

MARY.

 Then, take me, Edward !
To trifle were unworthy of a Queen—
Unworthier of a woman. Take me, Edward !
I will be thine. I choose thee from the noblest,
A fitting mate for England. Princely blood,
Tempered by nurture, purified by sorrow,

Should be the Nation's safeguard. Take me,
Edward !

[She drops her head on his shoulder.

Let me look on thy face—God bless thee, Youth !
A sad heart thou hast touched with new-born joy ;
And lured back self-esteem, so long estranged.
Now part we for a space : yet ere thou goest,
Ask'st thou no boon ? I yearn to make thee happy !
Some favour I shall find a grace in giving—
Thou, honour in receiving.

EXETER.

There is a man—
He served me—therefore, loathing him as I do,
I would serve him, though guilty, in return.

MARY.

What guilt would I not pardon at thy suit ?

EXETER.

Then grant me Dudley's pardon.

MARY.

Dudley's pardon ?
Well, be it so ! His doom shall be remitted.
No more of him ? This hand is yours—now lead me
To my sister's chamber. She must share our joy.
[Exeunt together.



SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter MARY and EXETER.

MARY.

Not here? then we must seek her in the pleasance.
Go thou—our Chancellor claims audience first.
Go seek my sister—tell her what thou wilt.
I follow, and shall ratify the tale.

EXETER.

Delay not, gentle mistress. Slowly creeps
The sand of Time when watched by love-sick eyes!

MARY.

Send Gardiner—so adieu—adieu! [*Exit Exeter.*

How noble

His aspect! and how full of grace his port!
I shall be happy yet!—Not here we'll dwell,
Within these doleful turrets. Windsor's shade
Suits happy lovers. There we'll stray together
Unseen, but by the wild deer's timid eye—
I shall be happy yet! This fluttering heart
Shall ache no more with fearful expectation.
No cares but wife-like cares shall cloud my brow—

As thus—why lingers his wind-footed steed
So long upon the chase? How in the tourney
Fares his unshivered lance; his spotless plume?
Wherefore his appetite is dull—cheek pale—
His spirit chafed? Or, peradventure, all
That throng of sweet solitudes that stir
Maternal bosoms for their infant charge.
Why woeful tears from ready laughter start—
And what caress can soothe such fragile hearts.
Sweet cares! delicious dreams!—But I awake!

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner, I greet you well! My heart is light!
Why look you grave—you bring no heavy news?

GARDINER.

The christian mourns when but a sinner dies.
I bear the warrant for a sinner's death:
Dudley's. Wil't please you sign?

MARY.

I have changed my purpose.
Prepare a pardon: traitor though he be.

GARDINER.

Pardon, my liege? Have you considered this?

MARY.

My Lord of Exeter hath shown good cause—
You smile—



GARDINER.

I had forboded this. My Lord
Is light of thought, and, so he gains his end,
Weighs not the issue.

MARY.

Edward Courtenaye, Sir,
Deserves not censure.

GARDINER.

Dudley visited
Lord Exeter in prison.

MARY.

We know well
He served him : therefore Courtenaye serves him
now.

GARDINER.

After the trial they had private converse :
And a quick ear caught words—touching the
Princess—

MARY.

My sister ?

GARDINER.

Yes—his love for her—so said,
Or seemed to say, this Dudley.

MARY.

Seemed to say ?

There's some mistake—I tell thee, it is false !

Give me a chair—

GARDINER.

You are very pale, my liege—

MARY.

Sir, I am well. It is a lie, I say !

As you shall learn. Report our grace to Dudley :

Then join us in the gardens. There you'll find

Our sister, and much cherished Exeter ;

Whom thou, Lord Chancellor, must learn to

honour,

Not to malign.

GARDINER.

Pardon my heedlessness.

It was a fault. I shall be circumspect.

MARY.

Be so and prosper. Join us presently.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

The Tower Gardens.

*Enter ELIZABETH from an Arbour, hurriedly :
followed by EXETER. He kneels.*

ELIZABETH.

MISCREANT! how have you dared to speak such
language
To a daughter of England?

EXETER.

Mercifully judge me.

ELIZABETH.

This is no case for mercy, but avengement.
Dare you to trifle thus with royal hearts?
You proffered love forsooth! ventured caresses!
But, Sir, I checked you, as was your desert—
And spurn and trample on you as a scorpion.
Begone, I say, once more!

*Enter from behind MARY with GARDINER unob-
served.*

EXETER.

Will you not pardon

A victim, not offender?

Mary

ELIZABETH.

Not offender ?

What, wed a Queen—and privily woo her sister ?
Out on thee ! hence ! I spit upon thee, caitiff !

EXETER.

I had no choice—strangely she wrought on me.
You know her—in her passions terrible—
Dared I repulse her ? Madness held us both.
I loving thee—thee only, pledged my troth—
Yea, pledged my troth, and must be—

ELIZABETH.

King of England !

EXETER.

Have you no heart for pardon ?

ELIZABETH.

None for thee

Elizabeth of England never pardons.
A heart like hers, above the common shafts
Of hope or fear, indifferently regards
Unworthy suitors : treats them as light toys,
To be cast aside, contemptuously forgotten.

EXETER.

Have you a heart ?

ELIZABETH.

No heart, Sir, to betray me :

No heart forgetful of my dignity :
No heart the slave of sensuous weaknesses :
No heart that blinds to duty !

EXETER.

Precious time
Is passing—promise me one boon, at least—
If not forgiveness, silence. She whom I loathe—
Whom I must wed—will soon be here—

MARY [*staggering forward*].

Is here !—

O God ! O God !

ELIZABETH.

What have you heard ? whate'er
I said, I am prepared to reavow.
No plotter I—no spier out of plots !

MARY.

O God ! O God !

ELIZABETH.

I spake in haste—forgive me !
My poor, poor sister ! only be calm and hear me.
Nay, pluck not at your throat—stare not so wildly !
Will no one fetch some water ? she will choke.

MARY.

What's this ? where am I ? the earth reels—the
wind

Howls through my ears—your hand, Sir, or I fall !
Elizabeth ! you weep—something has happened—
What ? what ? Has any one assailed my life ?
My brain is wounded.

GARDINER [*aside*].

We must change her thoughts—
Or she will straight go mad. I bring, my liege,
False Dudley's pardon.

MARY.

Ha !—a pardon—Dudley—
Yes, I remember. Give it—quickly, quickly—
Give it—Thus, thus, like my poor heart, I rend
thee !

I crush thee ! Thou shalt die—O pandering Fiend !
There was another paper—give it to me—
Warrant of doom !—a pen—there—let him die—

[*Signs the warrant.*

Stabber of hearts !—ere sunset. Hear ye ? ven-
geance !

A vulture gnaws my heart—food, food, for ven-
geance !

Soft : there was yet another—where is he ?
And she, my loving sister—Boleyn's child !—
Seize on the false ones !

GARDINER.

She is innocent.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, I pray you, peace.

MARY.

Who dares oppose me ?

Obey me, Sir—or—or—obstruct me not—

Or I will do such deeds as shall make pale

The Angel of the Record ! Ha ! still here—

Thou wretched, wretched man ? yet, let me look

One moment on the face I loved.

[She catches Exeter's arm, gazes wistfully in his face, then suddenly kisses his forehead.]

The last—

Passion's last weakness ! I am weak no more !

Henceforth I root all softness from my heart.

Away with him—with her !

[Exeunt Elizabeth and Exeter, severally, in custody.]

Enter PAGE, bearing a cup.

What's this ? some wine ?

Ay—let me taste—I need it—I am faint.

[She lifts the cup.]

I take this as a sacramental pledge !

Henceforth am I a dedicated creature

To my country ; to my God ! I rend all weakness

Forth from my bleeding heart. Nor kin, nor love
Shall warp me. If I live, I'll rule this land
For pious ends severe, not happiness—
For duty—for my People, for the Church !

[She drinks, making the sign of the Cross.]

The Church for England ! England for the
Church !

[Exeunt.]



ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Prison Chamber, Tower.

NORTHUMBERLAND *at a table*: JANE and LORD
GUILFORD DUDLEY *seated near*.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

MY soul is cheerful ! fill the goblet high !
And I will pledge thy fortunes, daughter
Jane !

In faith I'm joyous. Speak, my dainty Jane !
Your husband is beside you, and I live.
Ay, and shall live—arch planner—to rebuild
Our tottering fortunes. Fair philosopher !
Let me hear once again thy low grave voice
Disposedly conversing. Laugh, my Son !
Waken these walls with jubilant acclaims !
Still silent ? does my mirth confound you ? Jane,
I tell thee thou shalt queen it yet. Thy babe
Shall wear a crown.

JANE.

No crown but martyrdom's
Will fit our brows. Indeed you are to blame, Sir.
This morning—nay, but one short hour ago—
You waited certain death. Believe me, Sir,
We all stand on the very brink of doom.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

So saith the preacher to the healthiest man :
And yet the man lives on. Tush ! you are blind.
Do I not know my tool ? this Exeter ?
And what enamoured Queens will yield to lovers ?
My head, be sure, was safe an hour ago :
And now this scrawl secures me beyond fate.

JANE.

Direct him, God, to profitable thoughts
For this great mercy !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Rather let me learn
To improve good fortune. When the crown is
thine—

JANE.

The crown for me—for mine ?—never, Sir, never !
Too heavy lies one sin upon my soul !
I seek not—never sought—will wear no crown !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Not seek it ? Well—'Twill come unsought, I ween.

GUILFORD.

This morning, Father, you had messengers
From Wyatt. Said they well?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

All doubts removed :
All scruples satisfied—he's ours, our's only !

GUILFORD.

But how escape these walls—how join his power ?

JANE.

O talk not of escape. We are spared : be thankful !
Abjure—what I ne'er felt—this false ambition :
Unprofitable—that I will not urge—
But most unholy : do not heed your father.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

But he shall heed me ; and thou too, despite
Thy yea and nay.

JANE.

Have you no gratitude ?
The Queen, no matter why, remits your doom.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

And am I not beholden to her Grace ?
Good Mary Tudor—beauteous Mary Tudor—
Wise Mary Tudor ! I shall not forget.
The time is coming—Ha ! my confessor !

Enter FAKENHAM.

And trusty counsellor ! why look you grave ?

I'm in a merry mood. Bring you the warrant
Her Grace vouchsafed ?

FAKENHAM.

I bring a warrant, Sir.

JANE.

See, see—his face is sad—his eyes are downcast.
His words equivocal—not thus, not thus,
Good tidings travel.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What, man, know you not
The Queen's late change ? you have been kinder
to me
Than I had looked for, or deserved. Your step
Is heavy, and your countenance distraught.
I pray you, speak.

FAKENHAM.

Alas ! unwillingly
I witnessed the Queen's change : her last—her
saddest.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Her last—what dost thou mean ? Is the Queen
dead ?

Saddest—why then should Exeter be joyous ?
Look not so grave, fair Jane ! fear nothing, Jane !
Why speak you not ? your mystery disturbs
These fearful captives. What saith Exeter ?

How thrives he with the Queen ?

FAKENHAM.

Let thoughts more serious
Subdue your spirit, Sir. When last we spake
Of sin and sorrow, and repentant hope,
It seemed your heart was touched, hard reason
shamed.

Such my hope then—such now your only hope.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Dark Sayer ! does this answer meet my question ?
What of the Queen ? of Exeter ?

FAKENHAM.

The Queen—
Body and soul are stricken to the earth.
The Princess and that minion Exeter
Shut up in prison—wherefore you will guess.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I'm lost, I'm lost ! trapped in my own wild snare.

FAKENHAM.

Madam, may it please you to retire : the time
Is short.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What time—my time ? Give me that paper.
What's this ? Death ! Death ! sudden, unnatural
death !
I'm blind ! by heaven and hell I cannot die.

I am not fit to die—I dare not die !
O hypocrite ! this work is thine—thou hat'st me—
As I have hated thee—I'll not deny it—
Thou hast done this !

FAKENHAM.

You wrong me. I would fain
Have saved thy life. Have I not saved thy soul ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

O pardon my distracted bearing, Sir !
You reasoned eloquently—whispered mercy—

FAKENHAM.

God is a God of mercy.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Torturer !

Dost thou equivocate with pangs like mine ?
Thou palterest still : yet canst thou save me, Priest.
Think of my soul ! I cannot, unabsolved,
Pass to the presence of my Judge. Hark ! hark !
[*A sound of hammering is heard.*
What noise is that ? you hear it ?

FAKENHAM.

This, indeed,

Would try the stoutest heart.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The scaffold-workers !—

I'm cold—Oh very cold! Give me some wine—
Go, Jane! I shame that you should see me thus.

FAKENHAM.

Christian! be calm! yet all would stagger thus,
If anchored not by certain hope in heaven.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Fakenham! your tongue is gifted to persuade—
Save me!—I will be—whatsoe'er you wish.

FAKENHAM.

Can you speak thus upon the scaffold?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ay—
Much more!—You muse—Is there yet hope?
even then?

O say! I'll speak—I'll do—I know not what!
Anything—all you wish—spare but my life!
This is too sudden. I'm not fit to die!—
O for a death blow in the front of battle!
The shout of victory, or kinsmen's wail,
Above my dying head! It is not pangs,
Nor death itself, but this reverse that shakes me:
Despise me not, sweet Jane! can you not speak
One word of comfort to a dying father?

FAKENHAM.

Horror hath almost choked her. Take her hence.

This is no scene for women.

[*Guilford leads Jane away.*]

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Is there hope,

Even on the scaffold, if I make profession

Of the true Faith?

FAKENHAM.

I know not. But make clean

Your heart by penitence. Prepare for death:

So shall your future life, if life be spared,

Prove worthier than the past. I seek the Queen.

Put trust in God alone; and He will spare.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Tower Hill. A Scaffold at the end of the stage.

A side porch through which enter NORTHUMBERLAND, guarded, preceded by BEDINGFIELD, as Lieutenant of the Tower; PEMBROKE; and others.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

SOMETHING, ere yet I die, touching my faith

I would make known. It is a privilege

Precious to all, but specially to me—

Am I permitted?

BEDINGFIELD.

Without doubt.

PEMBROKE.

Your Lordship

Will bear in mind, Sir Henry is enjoined
To have this matter perfected ere sunset.
The horizon's clouded: not to miss true time,
He should be prompt.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why then abridge my time
By this unseemly let? this gentleman
Stands in commission: you but a spectator;
Cruel, unmanly, and unnatural!

PEMBROKE.

False to the last!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Protect me from this dastard,
Who strikes me chained! I was a pardoned man
An hour ago. This sudden change might scare
The stoutest heart, the most obdurate soften.
Let me not mount, with angry passions chafed,
Yon fatal stage: but with an humble spirit
Forgiving, seek forgiveness from my God.

PEMBROKE.

Think you all honest men are silenced here,
While knaves speak free?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Aspick ! avaunt !

BEDINGFIELD.

Be silent,
My Lord of Pembroke : this is harsh. Sir John,
Speak as you purposed.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I must crave short pause
Till the dean of Paul's return. I would pour forth
My last prayers at his knees, my spiritual sponsor.
Rightly you hear. This holy man hath shown
My soul's dark errors : which I purpose here,
By free confession somewhat to atone.

PEMBROKE [*Aside*].

By Heaven he will recant, and win his pardon
With neck upon the block !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hear me, good people !
I do acknowledge my most grievous sin.
Out of all bounds ambitious, I deserve
This doom. Be warned by me. Hold fast that
Faith
Which your forefathers loved ! consenting not
To heresy, foul source of shame and sin !
There grew my bane. I temporized with evil—
Basely partook with those false fanaticks

Who daily trumpet forth spurious reform—
And, spite of the keen pricking of my conscience,
Presumptuously strove—'tis gone—'tis gone—

PEMBROKE.

Ha, ha !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

That laugh was impeded in hell ! Strike, Fiend !
Here at the breast that loathes, the mouth that
bans thee !

Cowardly stabber, strike ! give me some pang
Shall counterwork this torture of the mind !
Look at him ! see that man I made a man
Shrink from Scorn's phantom fingerlike a hound—
What ! not a look ? then, thus, thou smitten hound !

*[Touching Pembroke with his finger who starts
back and retires.]*

Merciful Heaven ! is this a mood to die in ?
O child ! O babbling maniac ! fool, fool, fool !—

BEDINGFIELD.

Keep out my Lord of Pembroke.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I am thankful.

Good people, pray for me !

Enter FAKENHAM.

Fakenham, am I saved ?

FAKENHAM.

God grant salvation to thy sinful soul !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The terrible "To be" is come ! Time's past !
Yet all's to do—an age crammed to a span !
Time, never garnered till thy last sands ebb,—
How shall my sharp need eke thy wasted glass,
Or wit reverse it ? my brain spins—my tongue
Is palsied. I must have time—I must have time !
Hurl me not like a dog into the pit !

FAKENHAM.

Turn thee to God ! forget this world !

NORTHUMBERLAND.

O Thou

Great Being ! who hast made me what I am,
Crush not for ever this sin-leavened clay !
Forget not mercy. Thou, not Judge alone,
But just Redeemer ! save me in my sin !—
My voice is choked—Time racks me—World,
farewell !

*[Northumberland drops on his knees before Faken-
ham, bowing his head upon his hands ; then
starts up, and hurriedly ascends the scaffold.]*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The block ! the vault ! thus are thy words fulfilled !

BEDINGFIELD.

Follow, my Lords ; bear witness to the end.
And you, Sir, recollect, as the head falls,
Give fire to your great ordnance : that the Queen
May know, thereby, the traitor is no more.

[*The scene closes : and, after a pause, a Cannon shot is heard.*]

SCENE III.

The Council Chamber, Tower.

Enter FAKENHAM in much agitation, followed immediately by GARDINER.

FAKENHAM.

'Tis past ! Thank God ! the habitude to face
All ordinary pangs steeled me not here.
Terrible Conscience with unswerving eye
Glared on him : and the bright edge of the axe
Was as a fascination. Never before
Had I beheld a soldier famed for prowess—
A statesman ever feared for daring counsel—
So abject in reverse. He could not speak :
Scarce seemed to hear ; and when upon the block
He laid his neck, his arms fell stiff and frozen :

And there he lay—lips blanched, eyes shut,
 cheeks ghastly ;
Insensible as when, a moment after,
The severed head was held aloft blood-streaming.
Pray God to spare me such another sight !

GARDINER.

I marvel not, friend Fakenham, thou wert shaken.
But awful times are coming ; when our eyes
Shall be familiarized with woe. Time comes
When the Church shall awake, and strike ; in-
 flicting
Pangs that shall purify the sinful flesh,
And save from everlasting flames the soul.
Look you—the very sorrows of the Queen
Make her the fitting instrument. Mourn not
Because the cleansing tempest in its path
Meets and strikes down some tree of goodly
 fruitage.

FAKENHAM.

Alas ! for poor Jane Grey !

GARDINER.

 I grieve for her.
But in her sure fate see preventive mercy :
The infected air hath need of hurricanes.
Jane living, last hope of these hereticks—
Sure pillar of their cause—graced as she is

With bodily perfections sweet as spring,
And mental ripeness plentiful as harvest,
Throws into shade our sad, though saint-like
Queen.

Both cannot live. One sun lights many spheres :
But two suns for one sphere, nature prohibits.

FAKENHAM.

My Lord, I see too well it must be so.
Jane Grey must die !

GARDINER.

And quickly. Linked events
Envelope, drag her down. Sibylline lips
Have opened ; and a warning hath gone forth !
Her creed—or ours—must perish ! Have we
wisdom,
And speed we not the march of prophecy ?
But hush ! she comes—sad Mary Tudor comes—
Cold, but composed, marmoreally rigid !
I have thought in vain, unprofitably read,
If such a mien as that portend not fate.

Enter QUEEN MARY attended.

MARY.

My Lord, we waited.

GARDINER.

Zeal for your Grace's service

Be our excuse.

MARY [*to Fakenham*].

You saw the traitor's end.

Died he a Catholick?

FAKENHAM.

His last professions

Bespoke true faith. God, only, knows the heart.

I hope he died in Faith.

MARY.

Such is my prayer.

The strong hand then of treason is cut off.

You hear, my Lords, that Wyatt, yesternight,
Hath countermarched, and crossed the Thames
at Hampton?

He, and that lozel Brett, confederate, fill
Our streets with outrage. Scouts from these have
held

Close conferences with Lord Guilford Dudley;
Whom, lying under sentence, we had spared.
Shall we still spare?

GARDINER.

So were your Grace imperilled:
With you the Church; with both the Common-
weal.

MARY.

Then let his sentence be fulfilled to-morrow.

GARDINER.

His wife?

MARY.

I will consider.

GARDINER.

She is proclaimed
From street to street : the very walls are ciphered
With traitorous scrolls, that hail her "Jane the
Queen."

Shall such wrong go unchecked?

MARY.

That is their folly ;
Not hers. The culpable shall smart for this.

Enter BEDINGFIELD hastily.

Pardon my liege ! it is no fault of mine—
As shall be proved—the Duke of Suffolk's fled ;
And joined with Wyatt.

MARY.

Suffolk fled ? Jane's father ?
Henceforth let justice rule. Farewell, weak Pity !
We cannot, Jane, both live : why then, die thou !

*[She takes a parchment from a cabinet and
signs.*

'Tis done ! the royal rebel must abide
Her doom to-morrow. First, let the husband die.

FAKENHAM.

Hear me !

MARY.

Beware, Sir !

FAKENHAM.

I but supplicate

Permission to approach this hapless lady.

A holier spirit may perchance awake ;

Worthy the sweet prerogative of mercy.

MARY.

If Jane abjures her heresy, I spare her.

So will she be no longer to the Church

A foul reproach, a canker in the State.

No more. Break up the council. Gardiner !

Be it again so ordered, at the moment

Lord Guilford dies a cannon be discharged.

Then lead to execution Lady Jane.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV.

A Prison in the Tower.

LADY JANE, *alone, sewing a shroud. She turns
an hour glass.*

JANE.

I NEVER more shall turn that glass. For me
Time is fulfilled : and ere those sands run down,
My trembling fingers must complete their task—
Their final task—or not in work of mine
Shall his dear limbs, composed in death, be
wrapped.

With what a speed they haste ! by mine own heart
I count the flying seconds of his life.
Oh what a task for wedded hands !—'Tis done,
And now I fold and lay thee to my bosom,
Which his espoused head so loved to press.

Enter the DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

What noise is that ? not time—it is not time ?
Oh my dear Mother. *[Falls on her neck.*

DUCHESS.

Wretched—wretched Mother !

JANE.

It is not much to die. Whoever faints
Has tasted death, waking in pain to sorrow.
Have comfort—Desolate I leave you not :
My father near and other duteous daughters.

DUCHESS.

Thy father hath gone forth and raised his banner
To dare the Queen. This act hath sealed thy
doom.

The father slays his child !

JANE.

God's will be done !
How dark soe'er his ways or blind our eyes !
My precious mother ! weep not—leave me some
strength !

DUCHESS.

Would I were dead !

JANE.

Live for my sister's sake.
She needs thy counsel, and my sad example :
For there is that in Herbert's father's heart,
May move him to attempt the crown for her.

DUCHESS.

O let her rather labour in the fields,
And spin for bread beside a cottage hearth,
Than step unto a throne ! Thou fatal Blood !

K

Predestinated race ! all who partake
Thy veins must pour them forth on battle fields,
Or the foul scaffold ! Doomed Plantagenet !
The Tudor follows in your steps.

JANE.

Our sands
Have almost run. I must be quick. Will he
See me once more ? one last, last kiss bestow ?

DUCHESS.

The malice of the Queen forbids.

JANE.

Say mercy—
Else were our hearts left beggared of all firmness.
'Tis best thus. We shall meet—yes, ere yon sun,
Now high in heaven, shall from the zenith stoop,
Together they will lay us in one coffin,
Together our poor heads. Weep not, my mother !
But hear me. Promise you will see this done.

DUCHESS.

I promise.

JANE.

So our bones shall intermingle ;
And rise together, when the angelick trump
Shall lift us to the footstool of our Judge !
What shall I give thee ?—they have left me little—
What slight memorial through soft tears to
gaze on ?

This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy ?
I cannot part with it : upon this finger
It must go down into the grave. Perchance
After long years some curious hand may find it,
Bright like our better hopes, amid the dust,
And, piously, with a low sigh, replace it.
Here—take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
And take this winding sheet to him ; and this
Small handkerchief so wetted with my tears,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This
kiss—

And this—my last—print on his lips, and bid him
Think of me to the last and wait my spirit.
Farewell, my Mother ! farewell, dear, dear, Mother !
These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
For the dying—for the dead ! farewell ! farewell !
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

The QUEEN'S Cabinet in the Tower.

QUEEN MARY *alone.*

MARY.

I HAVE no thirst for blood ; nor yet would shrink
From shortening earthly life ; for what is life

That we should court its stay? a pearl of price
In festal days—but mockery to mourners.
What's life to thee—thy loved one dead—poor
Jane?

What's life to me, by him I loved betrayed?
I take from thee what is no loss to thee;
And much infects the realm. Gladly would I
My life on such conditions sacrifice.
The time for thy short widowhood is come:
But ye shall reunite above. For me
The heart's blank widowhood must be for ever.
Jane! on thy block the throned Queen envies thee!
—I am not well: my brain is hot: around me
Are fitting shapes unearthly. Sleep forgets me:
And waking visions mock me, worse than dreams.
—Who knocks?

Enter GARDINER and FAKENHAM.

What would you, Sirs? we would be private.
Speak, quickly, quickly—I am chafed and stung
With troublous thought!

GARDINER [*aside*].

'Tis as I feared. Her eye
Is restless; and the red spot on her cheek
Looks angry. [*Aloud*] Captain Brett is ta'en my
liege,

And Wyatt.

MARY.

Whom impeach they? are they questioned?
Do they confess?

GARDINER.

Not yet: they had not time.

MARY.

See they confess: else, stretch them on the rack!
This heart is racked—my guiltless heart—why not
The limbs that trample down all covenants
Of God and man? Ay—torture, till confession!
I who see visions—hark you!—know what you
Who wake are blind to. Treason lurks beneath
The blindest smile; the most obsequious bow.
Trust none! the comeliest and fair-spoken least.
Doubt most who most profess! O have a care
Of youths and maids that in their girdles hide
Dagger and poison!—what a man was Dudley!
To tremble at the axe! why, I should laugh—
I—a weak woman! but there's cause for that—
Hush! you shall hear anon. Then Exeter?
But, we'll not talk of him—poor fool!—I want
To see Jane Grey—after her widowhood.

FAKENHAM [*aside*].

After?—she then shall live.

GARDINER [*aside*].

Observe, she raves.

MARY.

We'll sit together in some forest nook,
Or sunless cavern by the moaning sea,
And talk of sorrow and vicissitudes
Of hapless love ; and luckless constancy ;
And hearts that death or treachery divides !
What's the hour ? be quick—be quick—I've
much to do.

GARDINER.

Just noon.

MARY.

There will be death soon on the air,
With outspread pinions making an eclipse.
Ha ! ha ! brave work we Queens do ! destiny
Is in our hands : yea, in these very veins
The spirit of the fatal Sisterhood
Riots ! the snakes of the Eumenides
Brandish their horrent tresses round my head !

FAKENHAM [*aside*].

This must be met. It hath been said that music,
Some simple strain breathed forth by human
voices,

Can counterwork the venom of sick minds.
If the choked fountain of her tears be cleansed,
All shall end well.

GARDINER.

Throw wide the gallery doors,
That open on the chapel. It is the hour
For service—hark, the prelude hath begun.
And now the Choir.

*[Fakenham throws open the folding doors of a
Gallery, through which issue solemn strains of
Musick. As the Musick proceeds the Queen's
stupor relaxes, and her sensibility gradually
revives. The Musick ceases.]*

MARY.

Airs fresh from heaven breathe round me !
Sing on, bright angels ! tears relieve my heart—
My brain is calmed. Sing on and let me weep !

[A pause.]

Would they were saved ! Alas poor widowed one !
Can it not still be done ? no, no—too late !

[A death bell begins to toll.]

It is the hour : there is no time for thought—
She will be widowed while I speak—

[She speaks hurriedly and with much agitation.]

See—See—

The dark procession issues from the gate—
And now they tread the courts—now Guilford
mounts
The scaffold—now the headsman kneels for
pardon—

Now bares the comely throat—and now clasped
hands

Rise from the block—while holy lips pronounce

Slow absolution—now he stoops his head—

And now—and now—

[*After a short pause the signal gun is heard.*

He is no more!—Great God!

Have mercy upon both!

GARDINER.

Her thoughts are changed:

Her brain relieved.

FAKENHAM.

Now plead for Jane.

GARDINER.

Too late?

Hear yonder bell.

MARY.

What's that? again the death bell!

Hark you! I would have speech with Jane. Fly,

Fakenham!

My foot is weak and slow—Gardiner, attend me.

Fly, Fakenham, fly!

FAKENHAM.

Too late! too late! too late!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*The inner court of the Tower. A Scaffold at
the rear of the scene.*

*Enter JANE GREY leaning on the DUCHESS OF
SUFFOLK, followed by BEDINGFIELD, &c.*

JANE.

My Mother ! we part here.

DUCHESS.

Tear her not from me !

Was it for this, O martyred saint, I bore thee ?

Is my long travail's fruit thy bloody death ?

JANE.

Here must we part. She faints—so best for both !

Gently remove her. Bless thee ! bless thee,

Mother !

And give thee length of years, to me denied—

Now lead me forward : I am ready.

BEDINGFIELD.

Madam,

We fain would linger on the way. Our eyes,

Blind though they be with tears, strain round to
catch

Some signal of reprieve.

JANE.

O seek it not !

It cannot be. My life may not consist
With the realm's safety. Innocent am I
In purpose : but the object of great crimes.
Good blood must still flow on till Jane's be shed.

BEDINGFIELD.

At least we may delay till the Dean comes
To whisper spiritual comfort?

JANE.

Infinite

Is the Almighty's goodness. In that, only,
Place I my trust. My time, Sir, is too short
For controversy : and that good man's duty
Compels him to debate my creed. I thank him—
Pray you, Sir, say I thank him, from my heart—
For all his charities. In privacy
My prayers—not unacceptable, I trust,
To God my Saviour—have been offered up.
So must they to the end.

BEDINGFIELD.

At least permit me

To seek the Queen—

JANE.

Sir Henry, by no means.

Her Grace is cumbered with affairs of state ;
And must no more be troubled for my sake.

Think you I wish to live? Look on these weeds ;
This widow-garment ! Life, to one like me,
Is a drained vessel. As for death, being wholly
Intent on the life to come, I disregard it.

*[A bier covered by a pall, is brought down from
the scaffold : and carried across the stage.]*

Ah ! my poor heart !—stop, Sir ! one moment stop !

*[She approaches the bier, lifts a hand from be-
neath the pall, wipes it with her handkerchief,
kisses it ; then rising, places the handkerchief
in her bosom.]*

Lie there, dear blood ! over my heart, 'till death !
Sir, pardon me this weakness. I am ready.
Yet, hold ! some words are due, before I die
To the Queen's Grace, to Justice, and to England.
My sentence hath been just ! not for aspiring
Unto the crown, but that, with guilty weakness,
When proffered I refused it not. From me
Let future times be warned that good intent
Excuseth not misdeeds : all instruments
Of evil must partake its punishment.

Sir Henry, take my hand. Lead on—to heaven !

*[As she turns towards the scaffold, she starts,
smiles, gradually looks upwards, raising her
arms.]*

I come, dear Love !—Jesus, receive our souls !

[As they ascend the scaffold the scene closes.]

SCENE VII.

*Jane Grey's Prison in the Tower. An open window
at the rear.*

Enter hurriedly, MARY, followed by GARDINER.

MARY.

SHE'S gone—I come too late—Forgive me, God !

Myself I never—never—shall forgive.

Ha ! from yon casement they may mark a signal !

[She leans from the window.

Hold ! hold ! *[She draws back with a shriek.*

Great God ! it is—it is—her head

That demon lifts and brandishes before me !

*[She rushes from the window rubbing her eyes
wildly.*

Pah ! I am choked—my mouth is choked with
blood—

My eyes—my nostrils—swim in blood—my hair

Stiffens with blood—the floor is slippery

With blood—all—blood ! Mother and unborn
babe—

Both slain ! Mother and child !—The cry of
blood

Rises to heaven—the curse of Cain is launched
Upon me ! Innocent victims ! at God's throne
Already ye bear witness. Mercy—mercy !
Spare one who knew not how to spare !

[She kneels.

Enter FAKENHAM.

Ay,—kneel
To heaven—and pray ! lift up your hands to God !
Lift up your voice—your heart ! Pray, Sinner,
pray ! *[The curtain falls.*

END OF PART FIRST.

M A R Y T U D O R .

A TRAGEDY.

PART THE SECOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- PHILIP, *King of Naples and England :*
Prince of Spain.
- EGMONT ; FIGUEROA ; and COUNT DE FER-
RIA ; *special Envoys.*
- JACQUES RENAUD ; *resident Ambassador.*
- MEDINA, PESCARA, &c., *attendant Nobles.*
- CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
- THE CARDINAL REGINALD DE LA POLE.
- GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor.*
- EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD, *Great Chamberlain.*
- MARQUESS OF WINCHESTER ; EARL OF PEMBROKE.
- EARLS OF BEDFORD ; DERBY ; LORDS HOWARD OF
EFFINGHAM ; PAGET.
- WENTWORTH, *Constable of Calais ; WILLIAMS.*
- BONNER, *Bishop of London, and other Prelates.*
- FAKENHAM, *Abbot of Westminster, Queen's confessor.*
- RIDLEY and LATIMER, *deprived Bishops of London
and Worcester.*
- DR. SANDYS, *a Protestant enthusiast.*
- DR. WESTON, *a Roman Catholic enthusiast.*
- EDWARD UNDERHILL, *called the "hot-gospeller."*
- SIR JOHN GAGE.
- LORD COBHAM, *an insurrectionary leader.*
- BRIDGES, *Sub-Lieutenant of the Tower.*
- QUEEN MARY TUDOR.
- PRINCESS ELIZABETH.
- LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS.
- Ladies of the Chamber, &c.*

Scene : principally in London.



MARY TUDOR.

PART THE SECOND.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

*Entrance to the Chapel in the Tower of London :
the interior screened off by a black curtain.*

Enter FAKENHAM.

FAKENHAM.

WHEN will these vigils end ; these penances
Severer than the Church prescribes ? Pray

God

Her mind give way not : sorely it is shaken.
These tearful macerations of the spirit,
These fasts that chain all natural appetites,
Nor mortify the sinful flesh alone,
Must be restrained ; or death will close the scene.
The very elements partake her throes.
A fearful night ! Fitfully lights and shadows
Pass o'er the Earth, as struggling passions deepen
Or blaze across the brow of Madness—now

Yon moon shines nobly through the surging
clouds—

Anon, like some poor wreck among the breakers,
Whelmed in the abyss, she shall be seen no more !

Enter ELIZABETH with GARDINER.

GARDINER [*to Fakenham*].

Still lies she there—

Prostrate upon the grave-stone of Jane Grey ?

ELIZABETH.

At your behest Lord Abbot, I am come.

What would the Queen with me ?

FAKENHAM.

Whate'er hath passed

Be sure her Grace hath ever truly loved you.

Therefore we trust your coming may dispel

The baleful visions that enthrall her spirit ;

Dispersed, as fiends before rebuking Saints.

ELIZABETH.

You hope too much : awakened jealousy

Preys on her, like the Egyptian's asp.

FAKENHAM.

Fear not :

You are the last hope of King Henry's line.

ELIZABETH.

Whate'er my fate, I stand prepared to meet it.

[*Gardiner withdraws the curtain: Queen Mary
seen prostrate on the ground.*

FAKENHAM.

Advance—but with abated breath, soft footfall,
As trembling mother to her sick child's bed—

[*They stand watching her. The storm increases.
The Queen sits up; gazing wildly round.*

QUEEN.

Does the last hour approach?—dread consumma-
tion

Of wrath divine and human agony!
Artillery of heaven, thus shalt thou roar,
Commingling with angelic trumpet-blasts,
Precursors of the Judge! who then shall stand
Upright and unabashed? unto that throne
The great, the lowly—victim and oppressor,
Shall troop; that throne-girt with avenging Spirits!
And there, link'd heart to heart, the slaughtered
Jane,

And Mary, with her bloody memory,
Shall kneel, awaiting doom!—I wake—from
dreams—

[*Seeing Elizabeth.*

Say who art thou, veiled mourner, that com'st
hither

To water these cold stones with pious tears?
Give me your hand: my knees are weak.—I part

The tresses on thy brow ; and gaze upon thee
With the strong yearning of a blighted love.
I know thee, sister !—Take me to thine arms—
And let me weep.

ELIZABETH.

These mingling tears wash out
All venom from past sorrow—

QUEEN.

Not from mine !—

Immedicable evil hath infected
The fount of life within me. I shall die
In premature decay ; and fall aside
As withered fruit falls from a blasted branch.
I, like a mother by her dying babe,
Have closed the eyes of Hope ; and o'er my heart
Torpido Despair fans with his vampyre wings.
—Eternal Majesty ! Thou seest me here
A Queen hemmed in with dark conspiracies ;
A Christian Prince, baited by schismatics.
I call on thee for prescience to detect,
Strength to control them ; unsubdued resolve
To execute thy judgements.—Save thy Church !
Henceforth I cast aside these weeds which sully
The lustre of my state ; these vain repinings
That enervate my soul. Unflinchingly
All functions of my crown shall be fulfilled.

Ay, let them rave ! I am the Lord's Vicegerent !
Fly, brood of darkness ! for my prayer hath
 risen—

And God will hear, and smite, as once he smote
The sin of Korah : and the earth shall ope
And swallow Blasphemy : and Plagues leap forth
Consuming impious men : even till the Church,
Swinging her holy censer in the midst,
Shall stay the pestilence ; God's wrath appeased !
—Answer me not.—I rise from this cold grave,
My penitential couch, with heart as frozen
As the dead limbs beneath, and will unbending
As this hard stone that shuts her from the world.
Jane ! take my last farewell ! Now lead me forth
To life : I commune with the dead no more.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.

A room in Whitehall Palace.

Enter GARDINER and FAKENHAM.

GARDINER.

STRANGE are the phases of the female mind,
So quick in phantasy, so slow to reason,
Eager, inconsequential. Such is Mary :
With thought as soaring as the eagle's flight,
Swift as the storm-cloud's shadow ; and as
fleeting !

It is our office, Fakenham, gives this insight :
And to our profit—yea, the Church's profit—
Yea, the wide Kingdom's profit—moulds it.

FAKENHAM.

Wisely

This privilege, built up on circumstance,
Must be employed, and to good ends confined ;
Or some rough hand will smite it down.

GARDINER.

Good Abbot,

Are we not wakeful ? Gentler confessor
And wiser than art thou, hath never bowed
His ear to royal whisper. It is time
To test this privilege.

FAKENHAM.

Thy purpose, Bishop ?

GARDINER.

The Queen must wed : the State—the Church
demands it.

'Tis true no dangerous competitor
Is left to shake the throne—for none looks now
To the worthless Exeter. Who else remains ?

FAKENHAM.

Why pass the noblest by ?—the Cardinal—
Reginald Pole ?

GARDINER.

A Pope may not be King.

FAKENHAM.

Are you quite sure that he is Pope ?

GARDINER.

Why doubt it ?

The scrutiny made sure of his election.
And who hath e'er renounced that noblest crown
Of earth ? Besides he hath a loyal heart,

And would not pluck her crown from Mary's
brow.

FAKENHAM.

Might he not share it ?

GARDINER.

He !—a churchman marry ?

You babble.

FAKENHAM.

No, my lord. Pole hath not taken
The irrevocable vow : he is not Priest ;
But Cardinal Deacon : and the Holy See
Hath power to absolve.

GARDINER.

True. Cæsar Borgia
Was secularized : he laid aside the purple ;
And was a married man, once and again ;
Duke of Romagna and Valentinois.
More than the tonsure ladies loved his ringlets.
A pregnant precedent.

FAKENHAM.

If you knew Pole,
As I have known him, you would not sneer thus.

GARDINER.

I meant no sneer. His Eminence, I doubt not,
Pious and shrewd : if worldly, what of that ?
The Clergy are but men : if young (and he,

At fifty, for a Prince of the Church, is young)
And lured to greatness by successful love,
Men must slake thirst even at the fountain head.
You were Pole's friend in youth ?

FAKENHAM.

I knew him well :

And love him yet.

GARDINER.

Ay, ay. This Pole has friends—
What manner of man was he in Salisbury house,
When playmate of our gracious Queen, his
cousin ?

FAKENHAM.

I knew him not till after days ; a student
In Padua.

GARDINER.

And then ?

FAKENHAM.

A nobler presence
Never embodied a more gracious soul :
Ardent, yet thoughtful ; in the search of know-
ledge
Unwearied, yet most temperate in its use.
Whate'er he learned he wore with such an ease,
It seemed incorporated with his substance ;
And beamed forth like the light that emanates

From a Saint's brow.

GARDINER.

Well, well—at Padua
You were his choice companion?

FAKENHAM.

No. I marked him
As a far Alp : and loved to watch the sunrise
Dawn on his ample brow. He lived apart,
As well became his doubly glorious lineage;
Grandson of George of Clarence, and last heir
Of Warwick; him who, greater than a King,
Made and unmade our Kings.

GARDINER.

But had he not
A cloudy mood at times?

FAKENHAM.

And that became
His lineage. Then he thought upon his mother,
His grandsire, and those great ancestral woes.

GARDINER.

Speak, as you saw him.

FAKENHAM.

Oft have I watched him sitting
For hours, on some rude promontory's edge,
Wrapt in his mantle, his broad brow sustained
With outspread palm, o'ershadowing his eyes.

And there, as one of Titan birth he lingered
In strange community with nature ; mingling
With all around—the boundless sky, the ocean,
The rock, the forest—looking back defiance
Unto the elements : as some lone column
Beneath the shadow of a thunder-cloud.

GARDINER.

Well : as I said before, the throne stands firm ;
But fresher blood is needful to transmit it.
Our Queen (Heaven guard her for us) is not strong.
’Twere well we had from her a healthier scion
To feed the kingdom, through forth-coming time,
With fruit of the same stock. The Queen must
wed.

FAKENHAM.

Why not with Pole ?

GARDINER.

A grave enthusiast
May write a moving book, but scarce rule men.
Yet hear me. He is but an Englishman ;
And ’tis an adage older than the hills
That prophets are not honoured in their land.
Trained for the crosier, not the sword, his arm
Is all unequal to the stress of battle.
We must look round elsewhere.

FAKENHAM.

Nor find another
So royally endowed.

GARDINER.

Abstractedly,
Perhaps so. But observe me, England needs
A Prince whose disciplined and numerous spears
Shall fence the throne from miscreant mobs at
home
And win respect abroad ; a man whose birth
Bespeaks dominion ; to whom intellect
Descends as an hereditary fief ;
Preeminently Catholic—

FAKENHAM.

You know,
Or had not praised this Wonder so.

GARDINER.

I know him.
And he is Spanish Philip, son of Charles ;
That wisest monarch, most devout of Christians,
Potent of captains, fortunate of men.—
(And we should ever sail in Fortune's wake)—

FAKENHAM.

A bigot boy !

GARDINER.

I am astonished ! you,

A Priest, a mitred Abbot, to speak thus !
This is the cant of Puritans : avoid it.
It hath the smack of sin. Philip, I grant you,
Is youthful : but his German tutelage
And grave Castilian manners, make him old.

FAKENHAM.

Too young, I still aver, to wed the Queen—
At least to love her.

GARDINER.

Have you got the stamp
Of the said Cardinal, your great ideal,
Upon your metal, that you descant thus
Of love ? What part have churchmen, what have
statesmen

In leagues of love ? What royal marriages ?
I say, Prince Philip is a proper man ;
Whose progeny will much advance the realm ;
Whose piety, inherited, protect
The Church : and this all Christians leal desire.

FAKENHAM.

Does her Grace know your lordship's purposes ?

GARDINER.

She hath heard affably my argument.
I pray you not to name the Cardinal,
(Whom doubtless, his grave dignities considered,
And sacred calling, she hath long forgotten

As one who might have wooed, perchance have
won her)

I mean, good Abbot, name him not, save only
As a high prelate : we will say—the Pope.
Believe me—

FAKENHAM.

You mistake her. She is changed.
Passion and grief have done the work of time,
And sleep in their own ashes. Her strong soul,
Calm as the nether levels of the sea,
The superficial tumults of this world
Trouble no more with clamour. Peace, hard-won,
The peace of faith, the peace of thought, the peace
Of heavenly hope, and earthly hopelessness,
Reign in her spirit. To her country vowed,
She lives for duty only, and affects,
(Wed she or wed she not,) the nation's weal,
Her own not seeking.

GARDINER.

Tumult comes unsought—
Tut, Sir, the nature changes not. Her coldness
Is but exhaustion. Deep is Passion's sleep
While its slow energies regerminate.
I say her mood will change.—Join we the council.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The Council chamber, Whitehall. The Council
assembled: the Spanish Ambassador.*

*Enter the QUEEN, followed by GARDINER, WIN-
CHESTER, OXFORD, PEMBROKE, BEDFORD,
DERBY, &c.*

QUEEN.

EVER regardful of our subjects' wishes,
And knowing that you hold our female nature
Too weak, unaided, to contend with treason,
We ask your counsel. Many seek our hand.
I am not prone to marriage. I know well
That mine is not the gift of comeliness;
And too much grief hath made my mind unpliant.
Therefore I fear to wed: but more I fear
Good men's mistrust, seeing a lonely woman
Amid so many factious, and no arm
Strong to repress them. What is your advice?
Speak, Chancellor.

GARDINER.

In this we are unanimous:
Praying your smiles upon the Emperor's suit.
We deem Prince Philip an auspicious match;
In whose alliance England shall have pride;

Your Grace abiding comfort ; and the People
Tranquillity through an assured succession.

RENAUD.

Upon our knees we humbly pray your Grace
To grant Prince Philip's suit.

QUEEN.

Great God ! direct me.

Gardiner, I would consult you. Is it past doubt
Our cousin—Reginald—the Cardinal—
In very truth is Pope ? Deceive me not.

GARDINER.

Unquestionably, Madam. Is he a Christian
To spurn the captaincy of Christendom ?
'Tis certain he was chosen. Holy Church
Needs him. Can he stand back ?

QUEEN [*aloud*].

It must be so ?

My lord ambassador, we'll not refuse you.

RENAUD.

God save the Prince and Queen !

PEMBROKE.

Your pardon, Sir—

The Queen and Prince.

GARDINER.

Henceforth those names are mated.
The consort shall partake all royal titles

And powers : while this our Queen shall share
with him
Reciprocal advantage ; and their issue
Hold not alone these kingdoms, but augmented
With the broad Netherlands and Burgundy.

RENAUD.

To this the imperial embassy consents,
Long live the royal pair !

GARDINER.

Amen !

QUEEN.

My Lords !

Being a woman, it beseems me not
To treat of my own marriage : but remember,
This ring, which with my crown I first put on,
Hath made the realm my husband before all.
The faith I then implugged unto my People
Must stand inviolate : look well to that ;
And bind me to no inconsistent duties.
You will debate this leisurely. May God
Direct and bless your counsels. [*The lords retire.*]

Now, my lord Bishop,
Bring to our presence Ridley and Latimer.
They shall enjoy free speech, and patient bearing,
Ere we consign them to the secular arm.

GARDINER.

Your Grace shall find them obdurate.

QUEEN.

There may be

A way to soften worse asperities.

GARDINER.

Nay you shall find none rougher.

Enter RIDLEY and LATIMER. They kneel.

QUEEN.

I am glad

That you can kneel.

RIDLEY.

Fouly have they belied us,
And basely, madam, who would make you doubt
The loyalty of your true English Church.

QUEEN.

You speak, Sir, stoutly of your Church, as though
There were none greater.

LATIMER.

There is none.

QUEEN.

Methinks

Less arrogance might better suit that garb.

RIDLEY.

God knoweth none have cause to be more humble :
We stand corrected.

QUEEN.

I will task you, then.

You, Ridley, were deputed in my troubles
To tamper with my people.

RIDLEY.

May it please you—

I went with charge to reason with your Grace,
On points of doctrine : further I deny ;
And would have scorned.

QUEEN.

Well, Sir, the men that used you—
How dealt they with me ?

RIDLEY.

Wrongfully ; I answer.

QUEEN.

You have good warrant to say so. Observe me.
Ye took my officers, my stewards, my maidens
Ye put me to my desk to sum accounts ;
Ye taught me how to bake and how to brew :
But there were some found faithful, who had
served me,
Could I, without return, have taken service.

RIDLEY.

These were no acts of mine.

QUEEN.

When you had power

You strove to bar the service of my church,
Even in my household : nay, you wrought my
brother

To twit me with contumacy—to threaten.
Then made I answer that my soul was God's—
My faith unchangeable—my thoughts mine own.
To this I pledged my head: and ye had ta'en it,
Had not my cousin Charles, the Emperor,
Dictated sufferance on pain of war.

RIDLEY.

The temper of the times in truth pressed hardly.
Somewhat to have yielded had been scarcely
sinful.

QUEEN.

Shall I retort that on you? If 'twas then
An argument of worth, why not so now?
What then was my condition now is your's.
But I refrain. I ever have accounted
Death welcomer than life with troubled conscience.
I cannot think one thing and do another.

GARDINER.

The heretick falters.

RIDLEY.

Heretick I am not :
True servant of the living God.

GARDINER.

God's Passion !

Said I not how these fellows should be known ?
The living God forsooth ! as though there were
A dead one ! All your babble is "the Lord !" —
"As the Lord liveth !"

RIDLEY [*to the Queen*].

You would not hear God's word.

QUEEN.

What you now call God's word is not the same
As in my father's time.

RIDLEY.

It never alters :

Hath been, and is the same ; but better known,
And practised, in some ages than in others.

QUEEN.

It is not as you make it that I take it ;
But as the holy Fathers do interpret.

RIDLEY.

I have been wrong ! God pardon me that ever
I rested, or ate food, beneath a roof
Where God's word was rejected. I should, rather,
Have shaken from my feet the dust, departing,
In testimony against you and your house !

QUEEN.

Fear ye not, masters Latimer and Ridley,

The secular arm ?

RIDLEY.

No earthly arm fear I.

LATIMER.

I should look up and laugh at every stroke
Endured in the good cause.

QUEEN.

Fear ye not, Sirs,

The Church's condemnation ?

RIDLEY.

If the true Church,

Assuredly.

QUEEN.

Sir, you are contumacious.

By your own constitutions am I not

Your lawful head ecclesiastical ?

You'll not deny it. Hear me then. Albeit

My faith is fixed, I purpose not to shake

The faith of others, further than God shall show

The truth through worthy preachers: to which

end

All rash discourses are forbad; and readings

Of Scripture, without license from ourself.

Answer ye not ?—Will ye conform and live ?

LATIMER.

In all things lawful we have ever been

Conformable : things evil we resist.

QUEEN.

I ask but abstinence from wrong.

RIDLEY.

Times are

When mere inaction is substantial wrong.

LATIMER.

I testify against your abstinence

Or physical, or moral : thoughts, deeds, words ;

All smack of evil. We must speak or die !

QUEEN.

You speak and die, perchance.

LATIMER.

Dear brother Ridley !

Be of good cheer. Whate'er betide we welcome

In the Lord's name ! O Queen ! that day is past

When spiritual knowledge was confined to

priests,

Our very babes drink knowledge as they suck.

Each stripling, as he runs, plucks from each

bough

The fruit of knowledge.

QUEEN.

Ah, Sirs, have a care !

The tree of knowledge was an evil thing,

With root in hell, and fruitage unto death.

But in the self-same garden likewise grew
Another mystery, the tree of life.
This too bore fruit, unseen till aftertime :
And this was Christ. Children of Adam, we,
Condemned to cultivate what first we stole,
Must tend the second tree with watchful love,
Or perish by the poison of the first !—
No more. I called you with a good intent :
Ponder what I have said ; so shall ye live.
Against God's manifest will vainly ye strive.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.

A Street in London.

Enter UNDERHILL and CITIZENS of two parties.

FIRST CITIZEN.

WHAT means this hurly burly? Ho ! my mas-
ters,
Will ye not peace when the good Queen com-
mands it ?
The Council, too—

SECOND CITIZEN.

Good Queen—good Council? say you?

Why do they send their knaves to preach at us ?
Wolves in sheep's clothing !

THIRD CITIZEN.

Sir, you wrong us much,
Branding with epithets like these our clergy.

UNDERHILL.

Peace, ye uncivil brawlers ! both are wrong.

FIRST CITIZEN.

And who art thou ? meddlers are mischief-makers.

SECOND CITIZEN.

He is Queen Mary's servant—fie on his meddling !
Hot-Gospeller forsooth !

UNDERHILL.

Hark ye, Sir growler,
I have a hot hand—hotter than my tongue,
Can make the foul mouth smart that snarls on me.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Well-spoken, preacher !

UNDERHILL.

Well, Sir, what's your pleasure ?

THIRD CITIZEN.

Come to Paul's cross, and hear our reverend
doctors.

You're not a man to gag soft argument.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Hear argument forsooth ! Hark ye, I'll task you.

Why vent your rancour 'gainst the late good
King?

It is enough to madden men.—

THIRD CITIZEN.

And you—

Why pray ye for our good Queen's death? 'Tis
well

They have made that treason.

UNDERHILL.

Marry, it is well.

She were a generous Queen if rightly guided.
But you must know, Sir, we'll not be restricted
In our souls' freedom. We, Sir, have the word—

THIRD CITIZEN.

You have—but we the sword!

SECOND CITIZEN.

Away with him!

He will infect us—plague upon the leper!

[They chase the third Citizen away.]

UNDERHILL.

Come, come; you wax disorderly.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Indeed?

When Cobham wins the city worse shall follow.

UNDERHILL.

Peace, prithee.

SECOND CITIZEN.

When stout Bess shall be our Queen,
There shall be plates and pottles—yea, no fasts.
And chimney nooks for preachers shall be cozy.

FIRST CITIZEN.

So, so—when shall this be ?

SECOND CITIZEN.

There have been omens—
Two suns rose in the east—rainbows 'neath
moons—

A woman—no, a cow—hath yeaned a calf
Twain-headed !

FIRST CITIZEN.

This is stark folly ! one fool hears
A voice cry from the walls of an old house,
And the mob swears it is an Angel's tongue,
Inveighing 'gainst this marriage.

SECOND CITIZEN.

When they shouted
“ God save Queen Mary ! ”—mark—no answer
then.

But when they shouted, “ Save Elizabeth ! ”
The voice replied “ So be it ”—Being asked
What is the Mass ? it said, “ Idolatry ! ”

UNDERHILL.

Pshaw ! Straight the council had the wall pulled
down ;

And lugged forth a young girl who made confession.

Queen Mary packed her to the pillory.

Her father would have hanged.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Another day

Some giddy boys played Wyatt and the Queen,
And scratched and kicked, till blood flowed rue-
fully.

Nay, one, to spite the Queen, they nick-named
Philip ;

And left half hanged. What said her Grace to
this ?

“ Lock up the urchins for an hour or so,
And whip the most pugnacious.”

SECOND CITIZEN.

Still, I say,

Down with the scurvy Spaniards ! down with all
Papists !

UNDERHILL.

To the rescue—Officers !

[*A riot ensues.*

Shouts heard outside, “ Long live Queen Mary ! ”

Enter the QUEEN, LORD MAYOR : Livery &c., &c.

LORD MAYOR.

This shall be righted.

QUEEN.

Disobedient servants !

Such things ye dared not in my father's time.

O that he were alive but for a month.

MAYOR.

In faith we'll see to this.

QUEEN.

Sir, all these evils

Lie deeper than ye wot. The fount of honour

Is poisoned at its source. My grandsire, father,

And then my brother, raised base parasites

To dignities, not honour : cankered the peerage :

Tainted the prelacy with fanaticks :

Raised quibbling casuists and venal pleaders

To the judicial bench, soiling the ermine

Which should be spotless as the sleeves of Moses

When he received the tablets of the law—

There are among ye men not scrupulous ;

Who don or doff their faith like roomy cloaks,

As suits occasion : men whose loyalty

To church and Queen is plastick, and fits well

The ascendant rule—These sycophants would

crush

The People, overleap the Law, cajole

Their Prince, betraying all !

[Murmurs among the Queen's suite.]

Why murmur ye ?

ARUNDEL.

The People are beholden to your Grace.

QUEEN.

Not to the People only, but to you,
Likewise, I speak—proud Nobles ! be ye obser-
vant.

ARUNDEL.

In faith I see not—I—what cause we give
That thus your Grace should publicly rebuke us.

QUEEN.

'Tis for your good. Look to it. I would address
Some words to the People generally. Search out
Some platform whence my voice may freely
spread.

ARUNDEL [*aside*].

Oxford, come hither—Is it not laughable
To mark the exactions of servility
Wrung by these Tudors from the best o' the land,
As the majestic Kings of olden times,
The high Plantagenets had never asked ?
What—must we—Veres and Howards—truck
and kneel

Before the old Knight's progeny ? Shake off
Thy cerements, stout Sir Owen ! and laugh out
To see what anticks thine old bones begot !

Bear we this taunting ?

OXFORD.

These new men it touches ;
 Not us. The Yorkist chose to plant his garden
 With gay weeds, not true roses: what came of it ?
 My grandsire smote the louts on Bosworth field,
 And left the crook-back Dickon on the grass,
 Outstaring the hot sun with his dead eyes.
 Little deemed he when Harry Richmond donned
 The crown wrenched from the Dead, that his
 descendants

Should thus be rated by ungrateful tongues:—

ARUNDEL.

Hush ! Gardiner's heavy eye wanders : his ear
 Is omnipresent as the cuckoo's voice.

OXFORD.

Hear ye the Queen ! So saith mine office.

QUEEN.

Citizens !

HERALD.

Keep silence !

QUEEN.

I stand here to face all traitors ;
 And their weak machinations to expose !
 Ye know me as I am, your rightful Queen :
 And your allegiance, sworn when I was crowned,

Ye will maintain.

UNDERHILL.

That will we to the death !

MANY VOICES.

God save the Queen !

QUEEN.

Then, too, did I take oaths :

Whereof this spousal ring upon my finger
Bears witness. That I am your lawful Queen
All Christendom allows ; your Parliaments
Oft have confirmed. Ye who so lovingly
Obeyed my father, ye will not now desert
His daughter, baited by unliegeful carls ?

A CITIZEN.

Down with the rebel curs !

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

God bless Queen Mary !

QUEEN.

I cannot tell how, naturally, a mother
Loveth her children, for I ne'er had any :
But if our subjects may be loved as children,
Be sure that I as earnestly love you
As mothers can.

A CITIZEN.

Bless your pale face !

QUEEN.

And I



Think you love me.

A CITIZEN.

That will we, noble lady !

QUEEN.

Touching this marriage, think me not desirous
Of wedlock. Hitherto I have lived a maiden :
But were God pleased that I should leave you sons
It might be for your welfare. Yet if I saw
Aught dangerous to my people in this marriage
I would renounce it.

A CITIZEN.

May you be happy in it !

QUEEN.

On a queen's word, if my good lords and commons
Mislike this bridal, it shall never be.
Therefore pluck up your hearts—stand fast like
true men !

Nor fear those rebels whom your Queen fears not !

CITIZENS.

God bless Queen Mary, and the Prince of Spain !

QUEEN.

Mother of God ! that cry is victory !

A VOICE [*behind the Queen*].

'Twere well you spake less harshly of your friends !

QUEEN.

Who said those words? Some upstart I'll be swa

Respect me, if but for my father's sake,
Who out of nothing made you what you are—
Oxford, your arm ! your grandsire's arm at Bos-
worth

Nobly upheld my grandsire at his need.
Be thou his grandchild's stay. Lead on, my lord.

[*Exeunt Queen, &c. &c.*]

ARUNDEL.

Ay, flattery is sweet: now Oxford's brow
Throbs for his dukedom. Is it for our sins
That we must here perforce have woman Rulers !
The barbarous Briton loved them ; but we Saxons
And Normans, spurned them. Vain were thy
struggles, Maude !

No sceptre graced Elizabeth of York.
But now the great stem of Plantagenet,
Reft of its males, bears none but female blossoms.
If Mary fail, Elizabeth succeeds.
The Tudor sisters dead, from Scotland then
Shall Mary Stuart ride forth: or in default
Of these, Jane Grey's young sisters, or their
mother ;

Or Elinor of Clifford. Welladay !
If henceforth lances must give place to needles—
Gauntleted hands to bright eyes and soft lips—
'Twere well methinks to cry, " God save King
Mary ! "

[*Exit.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.

Gallery over gateway, Whitehall Palace.

*Queen's ladies enter in confusion: after them the
QUEEN attended by GARDINER and others.*

GARDINER.

MADAM, we fear all's lost if you rest here.
We pray you to take refuge in the Tower—
Your boat lies ready manned at Whitehall stairs.

QUEEN.

Fly? never! Arundel and Oxford true,
My foot stands firm!

Enter CALEY.

Sir Henry Jerningham
Bids your Grace fear not for Saint James' Tower.
Bull-headed Cobham batters it in vain.
But much we doubt weak Ludgate may be forced.

QUEEN.

What rampant knave is he, who in the front

Of brave old Gage, makes Charing pavement ring
With his black, foaming charger ?

CAYLEY.

Captain Knevett.

QUEEN.

Knevett or knave—an if he spurred as hotly
As he can rein, the good old knight were down.
Ho ! by the Rood ! the knave can spur—and see,
Sir John rolls in the dust—O save him, knights !

GARDINER.

Will not your Grace retire ? this oriel window
Is perilously sloped to rebel shafts.
What if thus stricken—

QUEEN.

Haply I should die ;
And thus these woes surcease.

GARDINER.

And were that well
For England ?

QUEEN.

In good sooth, I think not so.
I will be wise and wary. Lo ! brave Southwell
Draws up his battle-axes in the front ;
And shall protect us. [*She leans from the window.*
Gentlemen, in you
We place our trust : abandon not your post.

GARDINER.

The troops give way—

QUEEN.

Then I will lead them on !

Bring helm and cuirass—though this hand can
wield

No sword, at least it can direct a horse ;

And teach you how to ride a rebel down.

[*Exit attended.*]

MARY DOUGLAS.

Bears not our Queen a valiant heart ? Behold her
Forth issuing from the gate, beckoning her men.
Nor shot of arquebuss, nor push of pike,
Heeds she. Hark !—what a shout ! Her work
is done !

Re-enter the QUEEN attended.

QUEEN.

We have struck well : the Lord of Hosts be
praised !

And rash rebellion grovels in the dust.

Vengeance has done her part. Be it our care

That no just ground of discontent remain.

Summon the council : much is to be done.

GARDINER.

An edict setting forth your Grace's title

Should be prepared.

QUEEN.

Be careful, clearing that,
To cast no stigma on my sister's birth.
Too much for England's peace may be inferred.
Enough for me that union whence I sprung,
Which Thomas Cranmer most ungodlily
And against law, by wresting texts and reason,
Dissevered, now is held inviolate.
Stablish my throne, remembering I am mortal.
Take heed to ope no quicksand that shall swallow
Succeeding thrones. Save England with my sister.
There is no evil like domestic war. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Street in London.

*Enter UNDERHILL to SANDYS, WESTON, and
Rioters.*

UNDERHILL.

Why come you thus abroad ? the times are
wild—

SANDYS.

If the Lord be on my side, why should I fear ?
Mysterious are his ways ! I will endure

His chastisements—and blessed be his name !

UNDERHILL.

Pray you, retire. 'Tis an ill zeal that plucks
The beard of fortune.

SANDYS.

Edward Underhill !

I am ashamed to meet a man so changed !
That one who from the well-head undefiled
Hath tasted of eternal verities,
Should so backslide !

UNDERHILL.

I have not time to wrangle,
Firm is my faith, but I to her am loyal
Whom the Lord gives to rule o'er Israel.

SANDYS.

See ye the fruit !—A governor from God ?—

UNDERHILL.

The Queen is not well served. You heard your-
self,
How, leaning from the Holbein gallery,
Where she so long stood target to your shafts,
She bade her furious knights to spare ; and spake
Peace to the suppliant throng.

SANDYS.

Yet your fierce captains
Do ramp along the streets with bloody staves

Hunting the white-faced citizens like rats ;
Or at their own doors summarily hang them.
No house but sends forth lamentable wails
Of orphans and poor widows ; wounding the ear
As harshly as their gashes do the dead.

UNDERHILL.

Not fifty thus have died—a sorrowful sum
If measured by domestic pangs—yet small
If balanced by the evil of their plots :
Small if contrasted with the precedents
Of former feuds. In Henry's time, they say,
Full seventy thousand their viaticum
Had from the hangman.

SANDYS.

Miserable Land !

See how God's wrath hath stricken ! Now at
length
Hath he begun to punish ; as long since
Prophets have threatened. Lo ! each heart, each
hand,
Each tongue of Englishman is set against
His neighbour : the broad realm is rent asunder.
England ! thou ship tossed on tempestuous
waters !
Thy crew in mutiny—rocks on thy lee—
A maniac grasps thy helm ! England ! that
knew'st not

When thou wert blest—now desolation sweeps
thee !

Yet, yet, obey thy God—receive his Word.
So shalt thou yet find mercy !

WESTON.

Out upon thee !

Unmannerly Ranter !

SANDYS.

Ha ! I will not shrink,
From the good fight. Say on, besotted man !

WESTON.

Were ye God's children, surely God would bless
you,

And prosper your endeavours : but behold,
Your doctrine is abjured, and its professors
Most soundly rated by good men : and therefore
Ye cannot be of God.

SANDYS.

O thou Iscariot !

WESTON.

Nay, thou shalt hear me out. This is of God
Which our good Queen and Bishops do profess.
Lo ! how God prospers them ! How notable
The victory wherewith he hath enlarged her !
Ye Gospellers ! how many have come back
From your vain texts—rejecting your vain
doctrine !

Once we had plenty in the land : but now
There's nothing like as was. But let that pass.
You thought your Gospel was ensconced for ever
With statutes : welladay ! new laws pass now
Contrariwise upholding what ye banned.
This shows your doctrine cannot be God's law.

UNDERHILL.

Be thou rebuked, O Sathanas !—If men
Had godly wit, in their Queen's victory
They might discern that God would hereby win
her,

By kindness to his Gospel. Furthermore
Because that they who went against her put
Their trust in carnal weapons, not the Lord ;
In this they erred. Some have recanted, say you ?
Yea verily :—their seed was cast on stones,
And withered. Such for gain took up the Cross ;
And, for gain, lay it down. Your Parliament
Pass laws (I say it stoutly), not by reason,
But clamour. 'Tis the many not the better
Who rule. We'll bleed for this in coming time !

A CITIZEN.

Away—away—is this a time for preaching ?
Away ! the pitiless Riders are upon us !

[*Great uproar without—Exeunt dispersedly.*]

SCENE III.

Council Chamber, Whitehall.

QUEEN, EGMONT, RENAUD, GARDINER, *other*
Lords.

QUEEN [*kneeling*].

GOD be my witness that my sole desire
Is England's welfare in this marriage. Never
Should lip of man approach my maiden cheek,
Nor change come o'er my chaste and honest life,
But that a dearer interest than mine own
Compels me. Count of Egmont, take my troth
To Philip and to Spain.

EGMONT.

And here King Philip
And Spain impledge their faith to thee and Eng-
land.

MARY.

O pray with me, and for me, my good lords,
That God may make these nuptials fortunate !

EGMONT.

I take your royal hand, and with this ring,
In my master's name, espouse you.

QUEEN.

I accept it ;

And will return him faith inviolable.

EGMONT.

May Heaven protect my Queen ! perhaps your
Grace

Will deign send missives by me ?

QUEEN.

Bear my love

And gentlest commendations. 'Twere not meet
That I wrote first. Tell him—yet no : nay, tell him
I count the minutes till he come.

RENAUD.

Permit me

To be so bold as to suggest 'twere prudent
His Grace delayed, till treason be put down.
Too many prisoners your Grace releases.

QUEEN.

It was the custom of my forefathers
To pardon criminals upon Good-Friday.
I have released but eight. Of these, Northampton,
Queen Katherine Parr's own brother, took no part
In the late treasons.

RENAUD.

Pardon me—there may be
Some guiltier—our Prince must be kept back,

Should your Grace yield to mistimed clemency.
This book may show how traitors should be
crushed.

QUEEN.

My Lord, I read the Greek in his own tongue,
And need not French expositor to gloss
The venerable text. Our English law
Shall better guide us than Hellenick legends.
We lean on Alfred not Thucydides.

RENAUD.

Forgive my plainness. Can King Philip come
While criminals remain unjustified?
Your sister waits her trial.

GARDINER.

Let me speak.

While she, the Princess, lives, there is no safety
For England, for the Church. If all your servants
Went to work roundly, as I do, your Highness
Were better served—How now, Sir? whom seek
you?

Enter BRIDGES, Lieutenant of the Tower.

BRIDGES.

Your Grace will pardon, if, in a case like this,
Your servant feels misgiving. This sealed warrant
Commands me yield the Princess; to be dealt
with

As sentence shall direct.

QUEEN.

O thou good servant !

Thy Queen, on her heart's knees, thanks and
rewards thee.

Whose is this deed?—By God's death! answer me!
Ay, Gardiner, thou shalt answer for this thing,
If thou hast done it.

GARDINER.

Let me see the paper.

A sorry trick to fright the Princess—trust me,
I had no hand in it. [*He tears the warrant.*

QUEEN.

Inhuman hounds !

That worry your poor victim ere you slay it.
But I shall baulk your malice. Silence, Gar-
diner !

Too much already hath been said : your tongues
Are deadlier than poison. Bridges, through you,
Who pitied poor Jane Grey, I shall henceforth
Secure my sister. You have known and loved her.
You are my servant now. Receive your knight-
hood. [*She knights him. He retires.*

BERNARD.

My liege—for such my lord's betrothed is now—
Pardon that I have chafed you.

QUEEN.

You have waked
A devil within my heart and in my brain !
Your master, on my soul ! sanctioned not this.

RENAUD.

The King wills nought which can offend his
Queen.

But, Madam, you have hardly judged my words,
Misconstruing their purpose. Not the death,
But the removal of the Princess seek we.
Removal, was it not, my Lord ? We feared
To hurt your Grace, and spake in ambages.

GARDINER.

I meant to say, while here the Princess lives
This realm and church, are perilled. Is that false ?

QUEEN.

I'll have no double-meaning speech, nor tricks
To frighten or mislead. Look to it : or bide
The consequence.

RENAUD.

Then, unambiguously,
I counsel that your Grace remove from England
The Princess by a bridegroom's sweet compulsion.
No lack of suitors. Philibert of Savoy
Proffers his hand to fair Elizabeth.

QUEEN.

We thank the princely suitor : but our sister
Mates not with the deposed of Piedmont.

RENAUD.

Perhaps your Grace would yield your royal sister
To the kind keeping of the Hungarian Queen.
With such a noble matron, watchful, virtuous,
She might rest well and safely.

QUEEN.

Be content, Sir,
My sister hath but one friend in this council ;
Myself, companion of her youth. It may be
She hath compassed ill against me : yet will not I,
Who fostered her lone childhood, now destroy her
By death or exile—You are malcontent.
Conform ye to my will ; I shall not swerve.

RENAUD.

The Queen's will shall be law !

QUEEN.

See well to that !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Queen's Closet.**Enter QUEEN, followed by ELIZABETH.*

ELIZABETH.

You would not see me when I sent the ring:
The token of your love, that was to guard me
If anger grew between us.

QUEEN.

When this outbreak
First threatened, and malicious tongues im-
peached
My sister's faith, I sent for you to Ashridge.
I prayed you on your love to come to court,
And pledged you mine. You came not; pleaded
sickness.
I waited long: then sent Lord William Howard,
Your mother's uncle, with my own litter for you,
And three physicians.

ELIZABETH.

Was I not most sick?

QUEEN.

Ay! sick at heart—sick with unlawful longings

For an untimely heritage. You sought
When circumstances frowned, and charges grew
Against you, to assail me with your tears,
Win with caresses. Then I answered—No.
We meet not till your conscience and your acts
Shall be as a crystal which the sun shines
through.

ELIZABETH.

My conscience is unflawed, unstained. You see
Shadows, not mine, behind it, not within it.
This is not just.

QUEEN.

Elizabeth I love you;
And therefore seek to favour: but I rule you.
Justice demands this of me. It was well
That by the old law, which my act restored,
I have abided: thus you rest secure,
No overt act of treason proved. I tore
The ciphered manuscripts which, they alleged,
Inculpated my Sister. God forefend
That any, far less one so dear, should fall
By evidence so easy to be forged.
You stand acquitted. God, who sees all hearts,
Grant you be clear from sin !

ELIZABETH.

Upon my knees;

And gazing on you through my streaming eyes,
I do protest my truth and loyalty—
I ask no favour, I implore no pardon.

QUEEN.

Well, well ! belike as you so stiffly stand
Upon your truth, we have dealt wrongfully.

ELIZABETH.

Your Sister must not say so to your Grace.

QUEEN.

But you will so report.

ELIZABETH.

Believe me, never.

This burthen I have borne and still must bear :
Yet humbly, as your loving Sister, crave
Your kind construction.

QUEEN.

Be it so. God knoweth !

I thus replace your ring ; pledge of new love.
Or innocent or guilty, I forgive you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Antichamber, Whitehall Palace.**Enter GARDINER and FAKENHAM.*

FAKENHAM.

You seem disturbed, my Lord ; yet all things
prosper
Even as you wished. The King is on the sea :
The Queen right joyous in her match : the People
If far from satisfied, appeased.

GARDINER.

The People
Must be broke into questionless obedience ;
Or they'll not suit King Philip. Never knew I
A horse well managed save with whip and bit.
Touching religion (thus speaks Latimer)
We must plough fast, plough deep, plough skil-
fully.
No less say I. The Queen is all our own.
She would press argument on argument.
But Fakenham, wot you of no shorter method
Wherewith to deal with traitors ?

FAKENHAM.

We who grant

The spiritual supremacy of Popes,
Of the three parties which divide the realm
Are weakest. We are strong but in the Queen.
That church was Catholick which Henry stab-
lished ;

Though Antipapal : and it stood confest
A favourite in the land, though stained with blood,
Plunder and tyranny. The Puritan,
Dexterous in reasoning, clamorous in debate,
And in his protest fierce as blatant beast,
Commands the vulgar throng.

GARDINER.

What matters it

If the Queen now strike home ?

FAKENHAM.

My Lord, your cry

Is ever " Strike."

GARDINER.

And who bade Jehu strike ?

Go to ! Were Korah, Dathan, and Abiram
Worse men than Cranmer and his crew ? I marvel
That one knowing the Queen so inly, doubt
How she will act, if with discretion guided.
When Philip comes—soon may that be !—my
friend,

You have known Philip. Touching his externals,
I cannot praise his portrait : but his mind
Will suit us. What say you ?

FAKENHAM.

A moody man,
Whose countenance is ghastly, bearing dismal :
For ever wrangling, rude. His glance is sinister—
Stealthy : his laughter a sardonic sneer.
I would rather face a vulture o'er a corpse,
Than such a man, whose hell is in himself.
He is a tree of death—

GARDINER.

Whose seed shall be
For life. Beware. You have a caustic brush :
The canvas burns beneath it.

FAKENHAM.

There are strange rumours
How that his first wife died mysteriously.

GARDINER.

Mysteriously ? mysteriously ? God's passion !
Women will die !—What boots it how she died ?

FAKENHAM.

Much—to our Queen.

GARDINER.

You ne'er will be a Bishop—
A shrewish tongue ! look you, Sir, what's to me,
Or you, or any man, how 'twas she died ?

The woman's dead. God give her rest ! 'tis well.
And he is free. 'Tis very well. Ask not
Why ? 'twas God's will : if not, she had not died.
Enough of this—we'll talk if talk you must,
Of something profitable. Cease these jars
Answering no end, but wasting love—the Queen !

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

The airy spirit of my heart takes wing,
And flies to its repose ! no more my brain
Teems with fantastic images that grew
To vices in their sheer exorbitance.
I shall be all I ever hoped—yes, Fakenham,
All, with God's help, your lessons would have
made me.

FAKENHAM.

May you be wise unto salvation, daughter !
Beyond this, even for my queen, I pray not.

Enter OXFORD.

OXFORD.

The King, my liege, will land this eve at Hampton.

QUEEN.

O joyful news ! Haste thee—yet stay—Take this
The collar of St. George : I would have sent
The crown, if England willed it. Say that I,

Grandchild of Isabella of Castille,
Who knew so well to govern, yet obey,
Will yield implicit honour to my spouse.
Attend his Highness hither ; and as beseemeth
A faithful counsellor, advise whate'er
Shall to his glory redound. Away, away !

[*Exeunt Oxford and the Queen.*]

GARDINER.

Is this your statue of eternal rock,
Or adamant unshaken ?—Said I not
The mood would change ?

FAKENHAM.

The change was sudden.—Slowly
Her first despair to penitence gave way,
And thoughts of public duty. Duty done
Ministered peace : and health and hope succeeded.

A gradual process this. Now, like a plant
Of tropic growth, her heart sends up, renewed,
Its loving aspiration after love ;
Which wife-like duty, and religious vows
Auspiciously (so seems it) shield and sanction.
God help thee, heart betrayed !

GARDINER.

God grant King Philip
Health, and a hand unsparing. So—farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.

An open space in the woods near Winchester.

Enter PHILIP, EGMONT, &c. A storm.

PHILIP.

A SORRY day for our solemnities !
I kiss this crucifix. Avert the omen !
Most holy James of Compostella !—Halt !
A cruel wind—a rain that chills my blood !
Egmont, observed you, how those surly lords
Scowled as they rose up from their stiff-bent
knees,
As though, pardie ; they had a mind to say,
“ Why doff you not, Sir King, your barret cap ? ”

EGMONT.

They shall be taught, my liege, the courtesies
And homages of Spain ere long.

PHILIP.

Good Saints !

What must I suffer in this pestilent land ?

If I put off this cloak I shall be drowned ;
And smothered if I wear it ! There's no force
In English prayer (for surely they have prayed)
If this be a fit greeting for a Prince,
Thus wending to their ancient gentlewoman.
Egmont ! methinks I spied a pretty maid
At Hampton in the church of Holy-rood,
Where we made our thanksgiving—Many such
They say this England nurtures. That is well.

EGMONT.

I trust your Grace will shrewdly take to task
This admiral Howard, who laughed to see our
sailors
Elbowed and hooted when we first touched land.

PHILIP.

Ha ! when have I forgotten ?

EGMONT.

And that insult,
When he bade strike our topsails, as his right
From all in the narrow seas.

PHILIP.

I shall remember
The admiral when it suits me.—Who comes
hither
Unlaced and hot with posting ? Step you forward,
With hand upon the hilt.

Enter UNDERHILL.

UNDERHILL [*kneeling*].

The Queen sends greeting
Unto your Highness with this ring.

PHILIP.

Its purport?

UNDERHILL.

I know not.

PHILIP [*retiring*].

Nor I you. Come hither, Egmont.
You know their speech : examine him ; 'tis strange.
Some token of danger it may be.

UNDERHILL.

The Queen
Hoped, lovingly, you rode not in this storm.

PHILIP.

No more than that ? 'Tis well. Sir Englishman,
We knights of Spain make light of storms like
these.

Nor man nor storm fear we.

UNDERHILL.

Dread not the first.
Lord King ! we Britons strike in war alone.

PHILIP.

I am glad to know it. Sharp in retort I see.

Your English way I trow : but hark you, sir,
'Tis scarcely safe to bandy words with Kings;
Or hang too closely on their skirts, to catch
The careless thought just trickling into speech.
My Lady's servant, prithee look to this.
On, sir ! what, Egmont, may we trust our guide ?

EGMONT.

I'll warrant him a trusty.

PHILIP.

It were needful.

Choked with this sleet, half smothered in these
bogs—

What a climate ! what a country ! what a people !
Yet doth my stomach yearn for sack and manchet.
Truly your hunger is a grievous thing,
Yea, an unruly ! If he delay, good Egmont,
Just hint what perils edge a prince's anger.
They say your Saxon churl loves generous
viands—

Methinks they are scanty, or the mouths too many.
What crowds blackened the beach ! each rock,
each hill

Looked verminous with dusky multitudes—
If God take none to his glory, there shall be lack.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cathedral interior, Winchester.

Enter to marriage ceremonial, UNDERHILL,

SANDYS, &c. *The storm continues.*

SANDYS.

THIS is the consummation of our wrongs—
O wicked match ! and none will have more cause
To rue it than this woman.

UNDERHILL.

God forbid it !

SANDYS.

Forbid this match ; but not its consequence.
She doth contemn God's word—her father's
laws—

And brands her brother as a heretick.
Yea, barter her broad kingdom for this tyrant.

UNDERHILL.

I mourn these things with you—all past amend-
ment.

SANDYS.

Lo ! how these Dons vaingloriously come pran-
cing !

Castile and Arragon shall lord it well,
In London city. Have a care, my masters !
Of your fair dames, domains, and equipage,
Your shady forests, and well-stocked preserves—
The spoiler's furtive eye now gloats upon them !

UNDERHILL.

You'll be observed.

SANDYS.

I care not. See, base Gardiner
Rolls onward like a shark gaping for prey.
Shall nothing glut thy maw, foul beast—betrayer
Of thine own land—salesman of liberty ?

Enter BISHOPS OF LONDON, WINCHESTER, DUR-
HAM, &c. After them PHILIP and suite : then
QUEEN MARY, ELIZABETH, MARGARET DOUG-
LAS, GAGE, Nobles, &c.

GAGE [*to Sandys*].

Keep silence, Doctor Sandys, or you shall rue it.

UNDERHILL.

Nay, hold thy peace : if careless of thyself,
Spare one who brought thee hither.

HERALD.

Silence, Sirs !

FIGUEROA.

I, Count of Figueroa, Regent of Naples,

Salute the Queen of England, in the name
 Of the most potent Charles, the Emperor ;
 Who this day by my hand, resigns his kingdoms
 Of Naples and Jerusalem to Philip,
 His much loved son : and doth hereby declare
 His pleasure in this bridal ; mating thus
 Royal to Royal. If Impediment
 Be known to any, let him speak.

[*King and Queen approach the Altar. The
 storm increases—thunder and lightning.*]

SANDYS [*speaking from the crowd*].

A voice

From heaven replies in anger : and a voice
 From man in warning : and a cry, O Queen !
 From the universal Church—beware, beware !

PHILIP.

Saint Jago ! wherefore seize ye not the traitor ?
 Ha ! brave Castilian Knights !

GARDINER [*aside*].

Heed him

Madam,

Some solitary malcontent—I know : *Will* please
 Dungeon and rack shall not be sp^r

Who gives

The Queen away ? [*a pause*] *Another !*
 this ? *From him shall*

Fools ! not to have foreseen s

Who gives her Grace away, I ask ?

[Pembroke, Derby, and Bedford approach.]

We give her,

In the name of the whole realm.

PEOPLE AROUND.

God save the Queen !

God save King Philip likewise !

[Philip offers a diamond ring.]

QUEEN.

Nay, my Lord,—

I would be wed like any other maiden

With the plain hoop of gold.

PHILIP *[putting on a gold ring]*.

Then thus I wed thee.

*[Proclamation of style—Jubilant music—the
Procession retires from the Church. The
storm continues.]*

SANDYS.

Keep

your day for England and the Church

Nay, hold the closed in tempest. Lo ! the heavens
Spare one who malison ! it is God's anger
and us ! mark these omens well.

[Exeunt.]

I, Count of Figueroa

SCENE III.

*Hatfield.*ELIZABETH *alone.*

ELIZABETH.

MAN fears too much—too soon—too causelessly !
Again I live for hope—despond no more !
O Hope ! whose wings fan heaven, I woo thee
back

To earth, thy needful home : the tilth whereon
We shake thy goodly seed. To sow—to reap—
Are they not one ? the effort is fruition !

Enter EGMONT, OXFORD, &c.

How now ! I would be mistress of my time—
Why come ye, Sirs, unbid ?

EGMONT.

With missives, Madam,
From my lord King. Methinks they'll please
you well.

ELIZABETH.

Sincerity is Honour's nursing mother !
I tell thee, Spaniard, nought from him shall
please.

EGMONT.

My lord of Oxford shall avouch—

ELIZABETH.

Say on.

EGMONT.

The King's grace, and the Queen, with hearty
love

Commend them to your Highness ; hailing you
Right heiress of the realm. The Council, too,
In such wise add their duty.

ELIZABETH.

With equal greeting

Elizabeth replies ; thanking the People—
The People first, the People last, and only ;
Who ever have upheld and will sustain her ;
As her undoubted blood and taintless right—
(Ay taintless right in eyes ye cannot blind)
Demand. And, noble Spaniard, hear me further :
There lives within this heart a stirring pulse
Which shall make good its royal destinies.

EGMONT.

The People ! weather-cocks your Grace may find
them.
Be wary.

ELIZABETH.

Sir, condemn them not ! who makes

A mirror of the sapphire or the diamond—
And not betakes him rather to plain glass,
Within whose broad reflexion we behold
Truth undistorted ?

EGMONT.

Madam, I have done.

But do they murmur ? are not the People quiet ?

ELIZABETH.

Ay, sir, as slaves ! the free proclaim their griefs,
Like beggars in the street. The slave who fears
In every hand a lash, is voiceless. He
Who under wrong is silent, hoards his vengeance.
Fear most who least complain. Judge, Sir, how
far

I am beholden to King, Queen, or Council—
Or Nobles of the land. What friends stand by me ?
Faithful in danger ? Wooton, Mason, Cecil.
These are not Nobles—noble though they be.
Strong in the People's love, dare ye assail them ?
Behold where lies my safety !

EGMONT.

Not less safe

Shall be the Court, to which we sue your presence.

ELIZABETH.

Sir, be content. I go not yet. My sister
Must, as a wife, be to her spouse compliant.

And thus that rule prevail which I abhor.

OXFORD.

Madam, not so. The Queen's known constancy,
Proved thoroughly when the need was exigent,
Shows she will nothing yield adverse to honour,
Through weakness. Wives may be submiss to
 husbands :

But a wise Queen shall seek wise counsellors,
Whereby ensue wise measures.

ELIZABETH.

 She shall seek
And shall not find—my father never found them.
Wise counsellors shall for themselves be wise,
And lock their lips. The King shall name the
 Council.

OXFORD.

Madam, in England Parliament hath power
To chain up sycophants and bridle tyrants.

ELIZABETH.

You may so say. Pray God it prove so ! but
There shall be much ado. Have you not travelled ?
How rule the Spaniards (pardon, Count of Eg-
 mont !)

In Naples, Sicily, and Lombardy ?
Are these oppressed not ? Say, are bonds and
 buffets

To them unknown? look too for these in England.
Gently and fairly shall they speak at first :
But waxing strong, then shall they filch your ships,
Your forts—usurp your offices ; ascending
The topmost tower of tyrannous acquest.

EGMONT.

Rule we in Flanders thus? Are Englishmen
Compliant beyond Flemings?

ELIZABETH.

Peradventure

If tempted sorely, we may not content you.

EGMONT.

There shall be no temptation.

ELIZABETH.

None? so be it!

My lords, ye have my answer. Fare ye well!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

Queen's Cabinet, Whitehall.

QUEEN, PHILIP, GARDINER, *Lords and Council.*

QUEEN.

I AM far from well, my lords, as you may see.
God lays a heavy hand on me. His will

Be done ! I take the privilege of sickness
To meet you here, not in full parliament.
Before the coming of his Eminence
The Legate, hourly looked for, I would explain
Our exigencies.

PEMBROKE.

Without doubt your Grace
Should have full satisfaction.

QUEEN.

I would urge you
(What less shall please, but to your souls hereafter
Be of true comfort) that you reconsider
The Church's claim for spoils that you have
taken—

PEMBROKE.

Your father took—

QUEEN.

Well, Sir, he took for you.

PEMBROKE.

Our swords protect the Church : our lands sur-
rendered,
Our swords are swords of glass.

QUEEN.

Greedy—too greedy—
Are ye, my lords, of pelf. I find you, truly,
Pliant, fair-spoken : but, your mammon touched,

The lands filched from the Church, ye tap your
swords,
And cry, "We part not with our abbey spoils!"

PEMBROKE.

They were fair grants, the guerdon of fair service.
Your father's gift our swords are bound to guard.

QUEEN.

So be it! I must be content, I see,
With setting good example. I devote
What to the crown pertains to foster learning,
And feed the poor.

PEMBROKE.

How then support the crown,
With an impoverish'd purse?

QUEEN.

Sir, I prefer
My peace of conscience to all crowns of earth.

[*A discharge of ordnance without.*

Enter SIR JOHN GAGE.

GAGE.

The Cardinal Legate's boat hath touched the
beach.

QUEEN.

The Cardinal arrived! my dear, dear Cousin!
Go, my lord Chamberlain,—go, Sir John Gage,

And bear our greetings to his Eminence.
Let his Legantine cross be borne before him ;
And all appliances of holy state
Attend his blessed footsteps. This, our King,
And we, shall welcome him on Whitehall stairs.

[Exeunt Oxford and Cecil.]

PHILIP.

You are right gracious to the Cardinal.
In Spain we condescend less.

QUEEN.

Ah ! you'll love him,
As I do, when familiarly you know him.

PHILIP.

I somewhat doubt it. You were sick, you said ;—
Too sick to issue forth and meet your Commons.

QUEEN.

'Tis but a score of paces. I would fain
Show fitting reverence to a holy man.

PHILIP.

As you will, Madam. Ho ! the pageant waits.
Her Highness' self shall usher through the gates !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

*Council Chamber, Whitehall. QUEEN and KING
throned. Lords, &c., seated round.*

Enter CARDINAL POLE, attended by Prelates, &c.

GARDINER.

THE parliament of England heartily
Speaks welcome to your Eminence. My lords
Of the upper house ! my masters of the nether !
I here present to you the most reverend father,
Lord Cardinal de la Pole ; Legate a latere
From the Apostolick See ; ambassador
On the weightiest matters which can affect the
realm.

My lords, lean to him with accordant ears.

CARDINAL.

Since it hath pleased the Almighty counsels,

Madam,

To call you to this throne, and worthily
Wed to a Prince, the first in Christendom,
Your realm hath cause for high content. It stood
O'er an abyss, now pierced with hopeful light :
The day hath dawned so passionately longed for :
To the life of God's own children we are reborn !

Behold, with outstretched arms the ancient Faith
Comes to your gates, asking the crowns and palms
Wherewith your pious ancestors endowed her.
Once more knit up her trodden robe ! once more,
O froward children, hear her maternal voice !
Return to her beneath whose sacred mantle
Salvation can alone be found. Be sure
The light devolving from great Gregory
Still shines from Peter's chair. Who turns from it
Renounces hope. Peace ripens in its beams !
Return O Shunamite ! return fair Island !
Appease thy terrors—all shall be restored !
The morn hath come, the works of darkness per-
ished !
Henceforth thou walkest in the light of God.

QUEEN.

O noble kinsman ! virtuous Reginald !
We thank thy zeal and shall make fitting answer
To thy high mission. I have survived despair.
A helpless virgin hath our Ladie favoured ;
And won her battle. Faith hath piloted
This shattered barque at length to a happy haven.
Here stand we, without question, King and
Queen :

And, with our Parliament, implore the Pope
For reconciliation. Take this missive :

It is sincere. Kneeling we crave your blessing !

PHILIP.

Your Eminence shall pardon my stiff knees—
Stiff, Spanish manners. Ha, I cannot kneel.

CARDINAL.

With overflowing heart, I bless thee, daughter—
And bless, in thee, thy People—Help !—she
faints !

QUEEN [*aside*].

Make no alarm. This may perchance give joy
To loyal hearts. O bliss beyond expression,
If God vouchsafe to crown the desolate
With bloom of her own garden !

CARDINAL [*aside*].

What means this ?

FAKENHAM [*aside*].

Vain dream of hope ! more sorrows are to come.

SCENE VI.

Palace, Whitehall.

QUEEN, PHILIP, GARDINER, POLE.

QUEEN.

You will not go so soon ?

PHILIP.

Why should I stay ?

My counsel goes for nought, backed though it be
By your wise Chancellor.

QUEEN.

Alas ! I know not
In what I have denied you ; save this only—
Recourse to death and torture : when my heart,
My judgement, yea my conscience, dictates rather
The force of free discussion.

GARDINER.

Pardon, Madam,
Reason no eye-salve brings to men whose will
Shuts out the truth—

QUEEN.

But have you fairly tried it ?

PHILIP.

What call you fair ? If to probe truth and find it
Even in men's vitals ; dragging crime to light,
As doth our holy office in Castile,
Be just—and who so bold as to deny it ?—
Then is it just to use all cogent means
Which shall extort confession. We rout foxes
With fagot from their holes : why not unkennel
With fire the vermin which infest the state ?

CARDINAL.

Forbear, my Lord, by forced analogies
To blind plain reason. Even those Puritans

Are rational ; and better may be won
By logick, than affrighted by brute strokes.

PHILIP.

Your Eminence hath powers of persuasion
Unknown to me. I have no time for talk.
(Preserve me from all babblers !)—I love listeners.
My maxim is, compel men to their good :
And if they thank you not—the fault is theirs.
What say you, Chancellor ?

GARDINER.

Your Grace speaks wisely ;
And shrewdly to the purpose.

QUEEN.

The laws of England
Provide sworn juries ; fellows of the accused ;
To hear the evidence, and give their verdict,
Leaning to mercy.

GARDINER.

Under correction, Madam,
Of judges versed in law.

PHILIP.

Ay, ay, my Aunt—
Your Mother—sometime Queen of this good
land—
This land of equal laws—veracious juries—
Had what you call fair trial ! let me see—

Bishop, your predecessor, Doctor Cranmer,
Was the assessor—judge—or advocate—
(Saint Jago ! what know I of your law jargon ?)
In that fair process : and for his fair demeanour
Therein, our Queen now tenderly entreats him !
It stirs my bile to hear such squeamish cries
As certain dames—no babes God wot—and gal-
lants
Disguised in petticoats like dowagers,
Raise at the sight of blood.

QUEEN.

My lord, my lord !
Degrade me not ; yourself, my lord, degrade not !
I am unworthy as a woman—none
Knows better—be not angry that I weep—
But ah ! forget not thus I am thy wife—
Thy Queen.

PHILIP.

Ha ! Ha !

QUEEN.

King Philip, dare you make
A jest of all things holy ? can you wound
The heart that loves you ?

PHILIP.

Madam, I am grave.
But I am not to be cajoled—with tears ;

And whining posies ; and dramatic rant.
This hand (nay, I will hold it while I please)
You gave in pledge of conjugal obedience.
I condescended to advise, when right
Entitled to command. The obstinate
I thought to shame with raillery : but, look you,
I have not sold my youthful liberty
By this ill-sorted spousal—

QUEEN.

Outraged ! outraged !

Why sought you then this spousal ?—

PHILIP.

Why ? great kingdoms
May be compacted thus. My father willed it—
Sage counsellors advised. Were these not reasons ?
But hear ye, Queen and wife, if here my will
Be not obeyed, I will not here abide ;
But cast you from me—thus.

[*Queen sinks down.*

: CARDINAL.

Now I must speak

Or die !—

GARDINER.

Hush, hush !

CARDINAL.

Thou traitor to the altar !

Bethink thee—marriage is a sacrament
Which to profane is deadly ! Look on her
Who gave thee all her wealth, her crown, her
people ;
And, above all, her virgin heart and person ;
And hoped thee her true helpmate through this
world,
Nor in the world to come to be divided.
And now you shake her from you as an asp—
Or poisonous froth shot from a rabid lip !

PHILIP.

Were I a basilisk I'd look thee dead !
Out—vermin !

CARDINAL.

No ! my lord. The church hath thunders :
Suspended hang they o'er thy head—beware !

GARDINER.

Pray you, retire.

CARDINAL.

Not so. My heart is strong :
And like some stalwart wrestler, who hath need
Of exercise, and doubts nor heart nor limb,
I shrink not from the combat. He who carries
His Cross, a daily burthen, well may stand
In front of any giant of the ring
Who boasts he can move spheres.

PHILIP.

My Lord of Winton,
Let the poor player say on. We can afford,
Smiling, to look down on his petty stage—
And meditate—his guerdon.

CARDINAL.

Ay: you are great
Above us by your station, as the vulture
Upon his mountain pinnacle. What then?
The arrow makes a pathway on the air;
The peasant's hands can reach the feathered
 tyrant,
And from the vale quench his despotick eye.
Sir, you have heard the truth now I have spoken.

PHILIP.

Once and too much.

QUEEN.

Ah me! [*she swoons*].

PHILIP.

Go, call her surgeon.
Remove her to her chamber—a good riddance.

CARDINAL.

Hard as the millstone, and as cold! King Philip!
There is a book in heaven wherein the deeds
Of men are graven.

PHILIP.

Sir, you may retire—
Surely you heard me not?—you may retire !
Begone !—it is my pleasure !

CARDINAL.

I depart.

My place is elsewhere. Never henceforth,
Transgressor, shall I meet thee, face to face,
Until thy sin by penitence be absolved ! [*Exit.*

GARDINER.

A pestilent hot-headed fool !

PHILIP.

A sample
Of English talking on Italian thinking.
In Spain we think—and act—not speak. Is he
A heretick ? the late Pope had misgivings :—
The man out-braved them. Next, at Rome they
sought

To make him Pope : and that he may be yet.
It were not well—[*pause*] we must consider this.
Pope ? never ! Lambeth ? Ha ! Gardiner—a word.
Think you one may be found—a witness—ha ?

GARDINER.

Trust me.

PHILIP [*whispers*].

Like you not this Naboth's vineyard ?

Tush man ! should Pole be Primate ? Are there
none

Can testify of this man—so and so ?—

Shall Pole, I say, be Primate ?

GARDINER.

God forbid it !

PHILIP.

Be sure he'll not forbid, if man allows it.

See well to this. Gardiner, wert thou Archbishop,

This land were cleansed anon. Look to't,

I say.

GARDINER.

Who to great Philip's will shall answer nay ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Queen's Closet, Whitehall.

QUEEN, MARGARET DOUGLAS, FAKENHAM.

QUEEN.

I AM lighter, gentle cousin. What hath chanced,
That thus of strength and sense I lie bereft ?

MARGARET.

Sleep on—you need refreshment : need all powers
Of your great intellect and noble courage.

Sleep and awake for action.

QUEEN.

I am ready.

Let me consider—dim, dim, dim, the vision—
And dark with heavy clouds—but they disperse—
Gradually, slowly—Ha ! the blow comes back !
It stung and stunned—it stings again ; but stuns
not.

Hold—let me think—what's to be done ? poor
heart !

Thou wilt not break ! insult unmitigated !
Witnessed—by him !—by Pole ! O Reginald !
Avenged !

MARGARET.

What means she ?

FAKENHAM.

Hear, but mark not—Daughter !

QUEEN.

Ay, call me thus : thy spiritual child ;
Humble and needing love,—albeit a sinner.

FAKENHAM.

A sinner surely ! who hath not sinned ? but now
Much sinned against.

QUEEN.

Feed not with idle comfort.
Sin earns its shame. Feeble and worthless am I.
Something here—in my burning heart and brain—

Tells me I yet shall be all good men's loathing.
O mercy, heaven ! I shudder at myself.
At once to love and hate, caress—revenge !
Hide me, good angels !

FAKENHAM.

Daughter, what is this ?

Think not so falsely of thyself.

QUEEN.

Ay, Fakenham !

Wouldst thou too pamper pride ? O, Sir, beware !
To sap the sense of shame is to make pillage
Of the soul's chastity.

FAKENHAM.

Restrain, I pray you,
This **vehemence** of passion, that from the height
Of just **resentment** hurls you to despair.

QUEEN.

Pray for me, father.

FAKENHAM.

Join with me in prayer.

What should avail my prayers, if yours are dumb ?

QUEEN.

I ask but prayer : I seek no miracle.
Though holy prayer availed to part the sea—
Though prayer brought manna from the fruitful
cloud—

And water from the rock—and caused the sun
O'er Gibeon to stand still. Such miracles
I ask not ; nor, entreated, would expect.
But pray for me, that, even as the thief
On the third cross, I may have peace in heaven.
I am sinking—sinking—sinking ! Pray, or I
perish !

Enter an Usher.

USHER.

The King, may it please your Grace.

QUEEN [*springing up*].

The King ! King Philip !

O speed him hither ! stay : here's for thy news—
A jewel from my finger. Haste thee, friend !

Enter PHILIP moodily.

QUEEN.

O Philip, Philip ! art thou come to me ?
And shall there not be now an end of weeping ?
I was thinking of thee—whom else think I of ?
I talked of thee—of whom is all my talking ?
But thou art here again : and my poor heart,
Like a caged bird, is beating at its bars,
To fly forth to the comfort of thy bosom.
Speak—speak—my soul ! and give me peace.

PHILIP.

How's this ?

Are we alone?

QUEEN.

No, surely : Margaret,
And my good confessor—

PHILIP.

I am not blind.

There stand they, with wide eyes, and open ears ;
Eaves droppers—spies. You hear me, Sir and
madam?

FAKENHAM.

We but await her Grace's pleasure.

QUEEN.

Go !

Go, quickly ;—go ! ah my dear lord, I saw not
Aught but my husband. Am I pardoned ?

PHILIP.

Mary !

QUEEN.

Blessings upon thee for that little word !

PHILIP.

I have pondered much of late—I have weighed—
I say—
These differences—working to estrangement—
You mark me ?

QUEEN.

Breathlessly.

PHILIP.

Ay—where was I?

The estrangement—wrought by interloping
priests—

And meddling confessors—and confidants—
Hark ye, your confidants, or man, or woman,
Are pestilent—eschew them—

QUEEN.

I would wish
To shape myself in all things to your wishes.

PHILIP.

Compliant helpmate ! then we have not quarrelled ?

QUEEN.

Ah, Philip, spare me !

PHILIP.

Saint Jago ! hear her !

Spare ? have I struck thee ? bared my poniard
to thee ?

Poisoned thy cup ?

QUEEN [*faintly smiling*].

Thou art not dangerous.

PHILIP.

I know not that—I must be short with you.

I cannot abide your Cardinal.

QUEEN.

My Cardinal ?—

PHILIP.

Well : the Pope's legate : Reginald de la Pole.
Despatch him.

QUEEN.

My good lord ?

PHILIP.

Ah ! you mistake.

Not in that sense—just now. Yet 'twere not ill.

QUEEN.

I trust we still talk riddles to each other.

What is your purpose ?

PHILIP.

As to that—but no—

The time must ripen. What I would have—now—

Is simply the removal of this Legate.

(The Pope shall soon recall him—if all live)

You must reject him from your presence : spurn
him,

As I this cushion.

QUEEN.

Wherefore do you hate him ?

PHILIP.

Call it not hatred, but antipathy :

Such as the callow chicken feels for hawks,

Or wild horse for the wolf. Aversion call it :

That wraps me in a cold and clammy horror

When we approach. I know he cannot harm me ;
And have small doubt, he would not if he could.
But still, my flesh creeps if I do but touch him,
As when one strokes a cat's hair 'gainst the grain.
If he looks grave I straight grow cholerick ;
If cheerful, I abhor him ; when he laughs,
My vitals sicken. Odious in his garb
Of ostentatious purple ; jewelled hands ;
That beard down-streaming like the chisel'd locks
Of Moses from the hand of Angelo.—

QUEEN.

Why what is this but hate—brute, undiscerning :
The hate that grows in too self-loving hearts ?

PHILIP.

I thank thee, loving mistress, for that taunt.
What more ?

QUEEN.

Bear with me : my heart throbs to bursting.

PHILIP.

Well then—if full confession please thee better—
Think I do hate him—What say you now ?

QUEEN.

Just heaven !

To hate God's image thus, without a cause,
Is to hate God ; and wound him through his work.
This was the sin that hurled the Archangel down

From Heaven to Hell's abysses : this the sin
That drave forth Cain, a branded wanderer !
Let it be cleansed and shriven—or you shall go
To your account hereafter, linked with these.

PHILIP.

And if so, were not these the mighty Ones
Of Earth and Hades ? you are much too flippant.
Blame you not God, blaming his instruments ?
And such are Kings : such Attila, God's scourge :
Such he who the earlier Becket slew : such Mary,
Whom after times may call the bloody Queen.

QUEEN.

Indeed I have done much—may God forgive me !
Pray for me, Jane ! linked with thy Dudley, pray !

PHILIP.

Arouse thee, woman ! thou shall yet do deeds
To earn that name indeed.

QUEEN.

What stab comes next ?

PHILIP.

Who told thee I could stab ? speak, idiot, speak !

QUEEN.

Believe it, I meant nothing—you affright me.

PHILIP.

Then, meaning nought, speak less. Attend to me.
I have directed Gardiner to impart

My final, stern resolve touching these prelates ;
Felons heretical. They must die : or thou
And I meet never more.

QUEEN.

I do but dream—

It cannot be—thou canst not be so cruel.

Unsay it !

PHILIP.

Thou canst dream ; well know I that—

I never. Would that I could learn of thee !

I will not say it again ; but see you do it :

Or—

QUEEN.

Oh be silent ! let me think—go not.

PHILIP.

Farewell ! till you have thought upon this matter.

QUEEN.

Go not !

PHILIP.

When you are tractable—

QUEEN.

Oh go not !

PHILIP.

I shall take thought on my return. Till then

Take my farewell !

QUEEN.

I cannot lose thee thus—
I cannot lose thee now—my heart is breaking!

[*Philip goes out. Queen sinks in a passion
of grief. Scene closes.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Chamber, Whitehall Palace.

PHILIP, *apart*: *Enter GARDINER and BONNER.*

GARDINER.

HE's in a moody temper. How he'll chafe,
Hearing my conference with her Grace!

BONNER.

And message.
Will he bear this? and not be dangerous?
His Spanish gentry tell strange tales.

GARDINER.

Hurt us?
Tut, man! Who strikes off hands for their of-
fence—
Or plucks an eyeball out because it frets?

PHILIP.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[He rises and walks up and down.]

BONNER.

Why does he laugh so grimly ?
And rub his hands so fiercely, and pluck his
beard ?

GARDINER.

His way—his way. When any new conceit
Of pleasurable malice takes his fancy,
'Tis ever thus.

BONNER.

Well : God gives instruments.
We'll not complain.

GARDINER [*kneeling*].

My liege !

PHILIP [*starting*].

How now ? how now ?
Why come you on me suddenly ? Ho ! Egmont !

GARDINER.

Matters of privacy, my lord—we came
Duly announced. Your pardon.

PHILIP.

I was musing.

The feather of a pleasant phantasy
Tickled me, and I laughed—did I not laugh ?

GARDINER.

Right joyfully methought.

PHILIP.

There you mistook.

I never laugh for joy. My lady Queen ?
What said she to our message touching Pole ?

GARDINER.

That she will not desert a faithful servant.

PHILIP.

Ha ! ha ! why see you now, I laugh again.
This was foreseen. A missive for the Pope.
A word aside with you. Bonner's a butcher.
Whom, wanting, we employ ; but not consult.
If the Pope prove refractory, like Queens—
Doth England hold no pet Campagna, teeming
With deadly fogs ? the Legate should breathe
such.
You comprehend.

GARDINER.

May heaven be merciful
To sinners ! Justice must be executed :
Else were the throne a ball of emptiness
For every knave to kick.

PHILIP

You are quick-witted.
I like you well. What of the heretick Bishops ?

GARDINER.

Why there, my liege, my argument hath prospered.

PHILIP.

Her hand if once with blood incarnadined
She'll love it as the henna dye is loved
In Moorish harems. To your tasks, Sir Bishops !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Palace Court, Whitehall.

Enter UNDERHILL and DOCTOR SANDYS.

UNDERHILL.

WHERE loitered you, my friend, when, yestereve,
We held our revels on the banks of Thame ?

SANDYS.

The grave-yard's gloom, where slaughtered Christians sleep,
Was better for my purpose, and my mood,
Than timeless mirth, godless festivities.
O Underhill !

UNDERHILL.

Remember ; to make sure,

We must prepare the way. Elizabeth,
If Mary die, is our true hope. To swell
Her triumph, was to smooth her upward path.

SANDYS.

Whence comes this favour long delayed ?

UNDERHILL.

'Twas thus.

You prophesied aright. Philip controls,
Derides, the Queen : as this new persecution
Demonstrates. Fearful tales creep through the
palace—
Of which hereafter.

SANDYS.

You beheld the pageant.
How looked the Princess—? say,

UNDERHILL.

Her royal barge
Was garlanded with flowers, festooned around
An awning of green satin, richly broidered
With eglantine and buds of gold. The bright one
Beneath this canopy reclined in state,
Fairer than Cleopatra with her Roman.
Her royal sister on the bowery shore
Of Richmond met her, kissing her 'tween whiles
Her wan cheek flushing to a healthier glow.
With hospitable care, and love, she led

Elizabeth, to where, shrined in green leaves
And flowers, a tent, curtained with cloth of gold,
And purple samite, stood ; whose folds were
wrought

With silver fleur de lys, and gold pomegranates.
The music they so love breathed in their ears,
Like amorous blandishment: and when the morn
Rippled along the wave with soberer ray
The Princess stept once more into her barge,
And floated down the current like a swan.

SANDYS.

God's blessing on her ! hope of this poor land !

UNDERHILL.

King Philip's hateful eye loved not the scene.
I marked his sidelong glance, with half-shut lids
Averted, soon as marked. The Queen, at parting,
Whispered, I know not what, through tearful
smiles:—

They seemed to say "Hail heiress of my King-
dom !"

And proud was she that day of her fair sister.

SANDYS.

When last I saw the princess she seemed worn,
With watchfulness.

UNDERHILL.

But she hath triumphed now

O'er slander. Philip too is most observant—
But that is dangerous. A noble creature
Is she, in faith! the fiery spirit sparkles
From her large eyes, whether in joy or anger.
Her carriage stately and regardant, firm
As a soldier, fearless in the midst of danger.
She stood like Pallas mid the fabled Gods!

SANDYS.

O man with boyhood's heart!

UNDERHILL.

Hear me. In her
Study hath wakened wisdom. She is bold
In counsel, as enlightened; clear, discerning,
Magnanimous, authoritative; yet ever
Most gracious in demeanour. She will be
The glory of her time. Soft—here comes Gardiner.
Fly, Sandys, fly—even I am perilled by him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Chamber in the Cardinal's House.

POLE, *solus*.

CARDINAL.

I AM sick to death of these perplexed intrigues—
Barbarous devices—lying plots. O God !
Self interest depraves all hearts—a mammon
Preaching a spurious gospel ; whereunto
Millions bend down the knee. Their gods are
gold.
They worship those who give them what they
crave.
Their very piety is mercenary,
Besieging saints for their peculiar gain.
This measuring all things by one's proper greed
Is the heart's penury. Utility
To these is as the mother of the Gods !

Enter GARDINER and FAKENHAM.

Ay—here comes one !—I sent for you, my lord.
Daily these rash enormities augment.

GARDINER.

My lord, methinks that when the Queen ap-
proves—

CARDINAL.

Consents, Sir : she approves not. Caution Bonner.
He is excessive in severities.
These burnings must have end : I'll have it so.
He doubts my power, my inclination knowing :
But he shall find what power a Legate hath,
If he provoke me.

FAKENHAM.

This is seasonable.

These words shall save full two and twenty lives.

GARDINER.

And lose their souls, which earthly pangs might
cleanse.

CARDINAL.

'Tis well to **give men** time for penitence.
The living, not the dead, most need our prayers.

GARDINER.

I scarcely think so. Dead, they sin no more.

CARDINAL.

I have not present leisure to discuss
Abstruse points with your lordship.

GARDINER.

Pardon me,
That I suggest, if other than a friend
Caught what your Eminence hinted at but now,

He might not deem it strictly orthodox.

CARDINAL.

If any dare accuse, I answer him.

Good day, my lord.

GARDINER.

One word—these Hereticks

Wax stout. They scoff our priests—nay call
them knaves—

Hear that !

CARDINAL.

I doubt not there are many knaves.

GARDINER.

Well, well ! in every house, and way side inn
They do revile the sacrament. Prayer, fasting,
Are not regarded : but, in lieu thereof,
Unseemly riot ; boastfulness, as though
No honourable lords with full commission
Went softly through the land to mend its man-
ners.

CARDINAL.

Leave the commissioners, my lord of Winton,
To patch their crazy vessels where they find them.
As for the knaves you blame, put them in the
stocks.

Good day, my lord, again. [*Exit Gardiner.*] Alas !
my friend,

I faint beneath this burden, staggering blindly
From pitfall on to pitfall. The King hates me ;
This Gardiner would supplant me : the Queen
falters.

They fire her soul, and terrify at once,
Alternating, like double-weaponed Furies,
The torch and snake. Alas ! alas ! for her !

FAKENHAM.

I have observed, my lord, your failing strength ;
And fancied it were time you left this court,
In search of health renewed. It dwells not here.
Elsewhere it may.

CARDINAL.

I seek not earthly blessings.

Frail **are they as** the hands that can dispense
them.

Shall I ask health from one as sick as I ?
Life from mere mortals ? riches from the poor ?
Amid a thousand evils that assail us
We may find some to pity, whom to help us ?
Men get but windy words who crave advice :
And when fools call their several Joves to aid,
In place of logs he sends them hungry storks.

FAKENHAM.

Alas ! you speak as one forespent with grief.
Be roused ! How many watch your eye for cheer !

CARDINAL.

The halcyon's nest was built of thorns—so mine :
Floating on restless waters—such my fortunes !

FAKENHAM.

Nay, speak not thus. The conference approaches
With the protesting Prelates. Who but you
Shall justly deal by them—convince and save
them ?

Brace up your mind.

CARDINAL.

These failing limbs forbid !
But I will strive. What load thus weighs me
down ?

On me the stress of many a storm hath leaned,
And rested on my steadfastness, as wind
That beats in vain some granite ridge which severs
The north and south ; nor shakes with any blast.
—I have heard of vampyre poisons, that can lull,
Even as—unworthy thought ! I'll not suspect.

FAKENHAM.

For the Queen's sake, for England's, droop not
now.

CARDINAL.

The clouds of night droop round our fated House !
Plantagenet and Tudor soon will be
Unheeded names. Earth passeth from our grasp !
May heaven be sure !—A sudden sunburst !—Lo !

God's Image in our heart is as yon orb
Unto the universe ; the eye of nature,
Dispersing rays more eloquent than tongues ;
Beams that give life as well as light : whose absence

Wraps in cold shadow all that moves and breathes.
At times that Image walks through spheres remote ;

Unobvious to the largely wandering eye—
Then night-mare darkness sits upon the soul :
Then, by its own shade mantled, waits the soul,
Like some dark mourner, lonely in his house,
But the harmonious hours fulfil themselves ;
And sunrise comes unlooked for, peak to peak
Answering in spiritual radiance—This is indeed,
So palpably to meet Divinity,
That hence the Pagan erred, not knowing God.
—But, my good Fakenham, I called you hither
For conference, not sermons. Let us retire
To my more private closet ; and prepare
Our thought for combat with the schismatick.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Closet. QUEEN alone.

QUEEN.

HOW great were man without his appetites—
The sensual impulses that brand our
nature !

Then were we all intelligence like Angels ;
And the enlarged development of mind
Might grapple with eternal verities ;
And virtue be, once more, a primal instinct.

[She takes a paper from a table.

—Why did I leave thee there—thou basilisk—
To fascinate mine eyes ?—again I read thee—
O insult upon insult ! shame on shame !
What gibbeted in ballads ? get thee gone !

[Flings it aside.

Though 'twere the last time, Philip, we must
meet :

And my despairing cry shall reach thee yet !

[Rests her head on the table.

Enter MARGARET.

QUEEN.

Is it the King?—speak quickly—comes he not?

MARGARET.

The Chancellor; may it please you.

QUEEN.

It doth not please.

Yet hold—I must concentrate thought—recall
him!—

This dreaming while awake is dangerous:

I must eschew it; or I shall act dreams;—

Enter GARDINER.

And so **men think** me mad—All postures tire.

I'll sit me **down**. This chamber is too small

For one long **used** to pace and muse. I love

To talk in exercise—come you from the King?—

Build me some gallery full of light and air—

Your purpose?—speak! speak! speak!

GARDINER [*kneeling*].

With your permission,

A letter from the Pope, touching my lord

The Cardinal.

QUEEN.

The Cardinal?—fly, Margaret,

And call my friend. Wait till he come.

[*Apart.*] This friendship
Doth like a thoughtful builder, course by course,
From a firm base upraise a superstructure
That should endure through time. The fiery
passion

Without distinction feeds on flowers and weeds :
But friendship, is select, considerate ;
Needs concord of the Reason—I am watched !
[*Aloud.*] My lord of Winton, what do you here
unbidden ?

GARDINER.

I have stated, under pardon, that I hold
Despatches from his Holiness, wherein—

QUEEN.

Now I remember. But the Cardinal
Must be in presence. Bishops can backbite—wel-
come !

Enter CARDINAL.

My hand!—no ! no ! it smells of blood ! good Man,
Thou shalt not kiss it !

CARDINAL.

Daughter, calm yourself :
Your pleasure ? Good my lord of Winton, speak :
Hath any evil chanced ?

GARDINER [*aside*].

Missives from Rome ;
Which touch your Eminence: she knows them not.

QUEEN.

Speak to your errand.

GARDINER.

May it please your Grace
His Holiness, hereby, recalls the Legate ;
And summons him to answer certain charges.

QUEEN.

What means the Pope ? Are we not Queen ? For-
gets he

Our father ? what !—recall the Cardinal,
Our **cousin, counsellor** ; our leave unasked ?

GARDINER.

The **Cardinal Peyto** shall attend your Grace,
Duly deputed with legantine powers.

QUEEN.

Who is this Peyto ?—poor, Franciscan friar !—
Legate to us in place of royal Pole ?

What is Pole's crime ? the King he serves, and Us,
And People, as becomes an Englishman.

This Pope maltreats me. We have, in all things,
laboured

To serve the Apostolick See. What dangers
Shall not this Pole's departure loose on England ?

It is as though you took from a sick soul
Its best physician. Sir, he shall not go !

CARDINAL.

Some old spite rankles here. No Pope before
E'er dealt with trusted Legate thus. Some charge
Should be set forth, before recall. He knows not
A colourable fault, or he had named it.

QUEEN.

You shall not go—that's flat : nor Peyto come !
Without circumlocution tell them so.
Passion o' God ! we'll not be trifled with !

CARDINAL.

My duty as a subject binds me here
To your Grace's will : but to his Holiness
Ecclesiastical subordination
Compels me to respect his interdict,
No more a legate.

QUEEN.

I will have no other.
Let's talk of something else. Lord Chancellor,
Touching this thing, remember we prohibit
The promulgation of the Papal Bull.
And now I do bethink me, let our Attorney
Enquire how far the Papal jurisdiction
Affects this realm. Methinks his Holiness

Hereafter more advisedly shall use us.

[*Exit Gardiner and Pole.*]

No words upon 't : retire !—O Margaret !
Sweet cousin, pity me ! I am stung and scourged
With piled indignities. But—did not He—
My Saviour, meekly wear his thorny crown ?
Why should I murmur ?

MARGARET.

Madam, peruse his Word :
And it shall be thy comfort.

QUEEN.

Hush ! you know not
All you dare think. Beneath the soul there sleep
The founts of a great Deep. Unseal them not—
Retire, fair girl : I long for silent thought.

[*Exit Margaret.*]

[*She paces about : then stops before a veiled
picture.*]

To thee I turn ; and not the Virgin Mother !
Forgive me, Heaven ! thou canst not hear, O Philip,
My secret sighs : blind art thou to my weeping.
Yet I would kneel to thy insensate image,
And plead for pity. Never, never breathed
A wife more fond and faithful !

PHILIP [*entering.*]

Wherefore thus ?

Rise from thy grovelling—I help thee not.

QUEEN.

Great God of heaven ! look down and judge !

PHILIP.

How, Madam?

Do you impeach me ? what is your complaint ?

QUEEN.

Strengthen me, Thou, Almighty One ! for I .

Am very weak and miserable.

PHILIP.

Well :

Ere I go hence, you have besought this visit.

My horse is at the gate, pawing the air ;

Impatient, like his master, to be gone.

My sail is on the sea: fair blows the wind:

Prithee, detain me not.

QUEEN.

If not a heart,

Have you no conscience ?

PHILIP.

For my confessor.

Alphonse de Castro looks to that.

QUEEN.

Yet, Sir,

You countenance the foreign ribaldries

That offer shame to our pure manners.

PHILIP.

Prude !

Go to ! We, Southrons, know the hottest fires
Smoulder beneath the mountain capped with
snow.

Vesuvian lava sleeps in English bosoms,
Pure though they seem.

QUEEN.

No such retort you ventured
To my chaste maiden, Lady Magdalene ;
Who smote you, as a Dacre knows to smite,
When with licentious arm you clasped her waist.

PHILIP.

I warrant you an Amazon ! I' faith !
My error was to judge her by her name ;
Deeming she might have earned it.

QUEEN.

This to me ?

PHILIP.

Ay, most discreet of dames ! and what's to thee
The carriage of your ladies ? watch your own.

QUEEN.

I guard my ladies' honour as my own.

PHILIP.

Then guard yourself.

QUEEN.

I stand in the open day,
A Queen, a loyal wife, before all eyes.
While you, Sir, rove at night, and give occasion
For losel scandal.

PHILIP.

Ha ! indeed ?—who dares
Whisper of Philip to his wife ?

QUEEN.

No whisper !
See here—a ballad jest—“ How the King likes
The baker’s daughter in her russet gown
Better than Queen Mary without her crown ”—

PHILIP.

’Sdeath !—I could stab the knave who—

QUEEN.

Stab this heart—
No more your pillow. I would gladly die !

PHILIP.

Talk you thus, Madam, with the Cardinal ?

QUEEN.

O Philip ! I have never breathed my grief
Into another ear.

PHILIP.

With Pole your counsels
Are long—and private.

QUEEN.

Truest—holiest friend !

PHILIP.

In Spain we hold these pious—counsellors,
Ticklish companions in a lady's chamber.

QUEEN.

What is your drift, my lord ?

PHILIP.

O nothing—nothing !

I am not jealous of you, my good Queen :
Though you to me have hazarded plain words.
Nay, lady, 'tis not that I trust the nature
Of any woman : but I trust experience.
A fast of forty years is wholesome practice !

QUEEN.

Begone ! I must bear insult—I am helpless—
But you pollute my chaste mind with your gibes.
It is enough. I know my fate. Begone !

PHILIP [*after regarding her for some time,*
scornfully].

For ever ! [*He turns from her suddenly and goes.*]

QUEEN.

[*alone*]. I submit to God's decree !

Was it for this my maiden liberty
Was yielded ?—to be spurned—despised—and
still

Bear on without redress ? O grief ! O shame !

[*She approaches the picture of Philip.*

Back, silken folds ! that hide what was my joy,
And is my torture ! Back !—See, I have rent you—
False, senseless idol, from thy tinselled frame.
I wrench thee forth—I look on thee no more !
And thus—and thus— [*She tears up the picture.*

I scatter thee from out
The desecrated temple of my heart !— [*A pause.*
My brain is hot—this swoln heart chokes my
throat.

Yet am I better thus than self-deceived.
Die, wretched Queen ! O die, dishonoured wife !
I pant for the cold blessing of the grave !

SCENE II.

The Hall of Lambeth.

Procession of Prelates, followed by Nobles, &c.

PEMBROKE.

WELL, Oxford, what says Cranmer ? Will he bide
The penalty ?

OXFORD.

Marking his vacillation,
I should say no: but ay, if well provoked.

PEMBROKE.

Here come they—Latymer, the lion, first.
Nor he, nor Ridley, quail : these look like martyrs.
The Queen ! [*The Queen passes, attended.*

OXFORD.

Good God ! how changed ! Speak, Underhill—
You serve beside her Grace. Is not this sudden ?

UNDERHILL.

My lord, she is dying.

OXFORD.

Why her surgeons say
She soon will have an heir.

UNDERHILL.

It is delusion.

PEMBROKE.

You, I believe, have served her since her childhood !

UNDERHILL.

I knew her when a girl : and not Jane Grey,
Whom she resembled, in her prime was fairer.
Then grief and passion had not stamped their
hoofs

On her high brow : and her acquirements
answered

The intellectual promise. Small of stature,
Her form was symmetry ; her face well shaped,

With features feminine, perhaps too grave.
Her penetrating eye was to be feared,
Large, dark, intent. Her voice was musical ;
Albeit at times too piercing ; her rich hair
A golden brown, like sunshine on a chestnut :
Her full, red lip ripe ever to pettishness.

OXFORD.

This is not Mary now : alas ! for pity !
The age she hath attained abates not beauty :
But grief drives like a ploughshare thro' its garden.

UNDERHILL.

I sketched the features of her prime ! 'Tis thus
A woman should be shown to after time.

OXFORD.

A word with thee, good servant. Go to Hatfield :
And bid the princess, by the truth forearmed,
Be ready for the time—wary of Philip—
Above all, bold.

PEMBROKE.

Now, wait upon the Queen.

UNDERHILL.

We are in charge, my lords, that none shall pass
Save the Lord Chancellor and Cardinal.

PEMBROKE.

Peyto or Pole ?

OXFORD.

This Peyto skulks in lanes,
Like a proved knave. The Queen denies to see
him.

PEMBROKE.

The less of Rome, the better hope for England.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Gallery in Lambeth Palace.

QUEEN, POLE, GARDINER, CRANMER, RIDLEY,
LATYMER.

GARDINER.

WE but await your Grace's word.

QUEEN [*after a pause*].

The order

Of your procedure shall be grave ; the manner
Stringent. I shall observe you, though in pain.
Should my mind wander, as 'tis apt to wander,
Recall attention without ceremony.

GARDINER.

This is no legal process ; but a test

How far these obdurate men by frank confession
May clear their great offence, and spare the
fagot.

My lord of Canterbury we cite not
Till due authority from Rome shall issue.
Yet let me pray him seize this precious moment
For penitence. You, Latymer and Ridley,
Speak : have you ought to urge ?

LATYMER.

I am too old

For controversy. I come here to die.

GARDINER.

With fagot at your beard this is vain glory.
Your learning, Sir, is lost. Well—turn in time ;
And trust her Grace's mercy.

LATYMER.

Hope not that.

My prayer hath daily been—may the Queen turn !

GARDINER.

Oh obdurate ! Hear this !

QUEEN.

Proceed with the others.

GARDINER.

What says the doctor Ridley ? Thou art a man
Whose subtile wit would illustrate an Arius.

RIDLEY.

Say on. We change not. From your coming
sentence

To God we make appeal. Our names, we trust,
Though not of your communion, shall be found
Writ in His book of life.

LATYMER.

I thank my God
Most heartily, that He hath thus preserved me
To glorify him by this kind of death.

GARDINER.

You see, my liege, what manner of men these be:—
Unmannerly, audacious. What need we more?

CARDINAL.

Let the **Archbishop** speak. It is his right.

GARDINER.

Speak, Thomas Cranmer.

CRANMER.

First my lords, I pray you,
To intercede for me, touching my sin
Of treason, which with penitence I own.
I am prepared to wrestle, as becomes
My sacred calling in my soul's defence.
Give me but patient hearing.

GARDINER.

That is granted.

CRANMER.

My lords, I doubt the law of your procedure.

GARDINER.

We act upon commission ; which for us
Is full acquittance. Hereticks despatched,
Their friends may sue the law, if so it pleaseth.

QUEEN.

You go to fast, my lord. I halt behind
Your expedite advance. Let law be law.
The secular arm is nerveless till conviction
At competent tribunals. See to this.

RIDLEY.

You keep us prisoners, deprived of service,
Or free communication with our fellows—

GARDINER.

Ay ? who be they ?

RIDLEY.

Our solitude, 'tis true,
Is little cheered by offices of kindness
From brother scholars: but the Poor, unlettered,
Have shown us sympathy.

LATYMER.

My soul, my soul
Finds in the prison house a holy cell
For meditation. 'Tis like a pitcher filled
To the brim, with scripture ; which so mightily

Endows the spirit, that all infirmities
Of flesh fall from me. I am strong through faith.

CARDINAL.

My lord of Canterbury, when you dispute,
Observe, the parliament prohibits use
Of all suspect translations of the Bible ;
And your own book upon the Sacraments.
You must rely on writings orthodox.
The Fathers such ; and Scripture, as the Church
Expounds.

CRANMER.

In chains I fight not. I deny
The truth of your expounding.

GARDINER.

Hear, my liege !
He doth deny the truth !

CARDINAL.

Wrest not his words.
What would you say, Archbishop ?

CRANMER.

I entreat
License to utter freely all my thought.
'Tis true her Grace mislikes me, and with cause ;—
That Reformation is her royal province ;—
Yet speak I must in duty to my God.

LATYMER.

Why speak you not more roundly ? they have
scourged
Our brethren with their rods ; burned them with
fagots ;
Famished and drowned ; ripped up their buried
bodies,
And flung to dogs. 'Tis true—these are not lies.—
Eyes have beheld—your consciences bear witness !
The blood of Abel crieth unto God—
And at your hands shall be required ! Great Queen,
I supplicate you, by a mother's love,
Have pity on your children, spare your people !

QUEEN.

Fearful old man ! why thus adjur'st thou me ?

CRANMER.

Be temperate, Latymer : this will not serve.

LATYMER.

Not serve—will it avenge ?

QUEEN.

Intemperate man !

I press not thee more than I would endure.
If right, you are a martyr, worthy heaven :
If wrong, deserve no pity.

CARDINAL.

Had ye been

Endowed with judgment equal to your courage,
Ye had not missed the mark of genuine greatness.
That little which ye lack bewrays your life.

RIDLEY.

We enter life as on a battle field
Where principle must be asserted bravely.
This shakes us not—that God with us should deal
As with his chosen Captains in old time :
Nor yet repine we that our mortal state
Partakes the customed penalties of man.

GARDINER.

You waste the time.

LATYMER.

He speaks as the time needs !—
The Truth of God ye hide within a cave,
Sealed with a seal, and guarded by a guard :
But that which died shall live ; and, shining wide
On all the white-robed synod of the Saints,
Keep, in the face of Christendom restored,
Its joyful Passover ! Lords, we defy you !
What should we shrink from who look back on
Him—

Our Master—whose great sacrifice began
When time was as an infant, pure and tearful,
And still bleeds on through every martyr's wound ?
He, massacred with Abel, tempest-tost

With Noah ; bound upon the pile with Isaak ;
A miracle of patience as in Job ;
Betrayed with Joseph ; and like Daniel cast
Amid the lions—No ! we will not shrink !

GARDINER.

I' faith you speak bold words. Can you do boldly !

RIDLEY.

There have been men of fearless mind who dared
All, for their Country. One—the Roman—leaped
Alive into his grave, earth's yawning chasm.
Shall then a Christian falter in his faith ?—
His faith in Him who laid heaven's crown aside
To win immortal palms for those He loved !

GARDINER.

Palms—palms ? for such as you ? Presumptuous
fools !

Who scarce can boast the name of Church.

RIDLEY.

Our Church

Is as the grape of Ephraim ; better worth
Than Abiezer's vintage. In her pale
All wholesome comfort, honest aids are centered.
The pleasures she affords are of the soul,
Inward, yet shared by all ; perdurable.
She spreads no peacock feathers in the sun
To lure the eye ; nor scatters on the air
Sweet odours, to entrap the sense. All blessing

She knows included in the Word of God?
What are the joys of sense to joys like hers,
That grow for ever?—

CARDINAL.

This is very grievous?
Madam, so please you, these be heated men,
Who may not be convinced, and will not bend.
With Cranmer I would crave some separate
speech.

[*Exeunt Ridley and Latimer attended.*]

Cranmer, my friend, you much mistake, believe
me,
The interest of the Church. The Church is one,
And indivisible; though you have split
Her walls, *seceding*. You should have trained
with care,
Not rent, the wild shoots of the immortal tree.
If sand be mixed with gold, men purge the dross,
But change not gold for lead. Work with us,
Cranmer!

Say you that things need mending? You but say
What pious men within our pale say also
Albeit that task they trust not to base hands.
In her own breast the Church retains the cure
Of ills that vex her. Men in conference met,
Learned and saintly monitors, take counsel;
Whereby all points of difference are settled.

Ay, men must work in concert, and the few
Yield to the many, or we'll see no end.

CRANMER.

Your words show more the statesman than the
churchman.

'Tis not the voice of Rome.

CARDINAL.

In that you err.

The amplitude of Rome has space reserved
Where Freedom may indulge her dreams. How
else

Our Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans ?

We wink ; they kneel : enough—the Church
stands firm.

—I can no more. We must not lose this man.
Gardiner, strive thou.

GARDINER.

Commit to me his keeping,

And I will strive—

CRANMER.

To thee ? Have mercy, Christ !

My vineyard is too near the house of Ahab.

GARDINER [*aside*].

Ha ! Philip's word !

CRANMER.

O Queen ! my heart is full.

And I could prophesy, but I refrain.

The bitter cup is brimming : it is enough—
We both must drain our portion. Are you happy ?
See what has come of my prosperity !
Prosperity ? alas ! what part hast thou
In real joys—cankered prosperity ?
—The conquest of our passions is true joy.
Content is joy : and there's a spiritual joy
In converse with our God ; capacity
For learning and high art ; and these used rightly
In aid of fellow men, and for God's glory !
But there's a joy beyond ; transcendent, holy ;
The joy when saints take up their Master's cross—
The joy of pain that testifies of faith—
Shining abroad, significant of grace,
And coming glory ! such as Peter found
Upon his cross—Stephen beneath the stones—
Paul in his cavern—Lawrence o'er the flames !
—I have wandered—pardon me !

CARDINAL.

We stayed to teach :
And have been taught. Thanks for your sermon,
Cranmer !
The Queen grows pale : be quick in your retiring.
Lean on my arm, my liege. Cranmer, adieu !
We meet again. Would that thy faith were
true !

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV.

Queen's Closet, Whitehall.

QUEEN and CARDINAL.

CARDINAL.

THE silent moth gnaws not more fatally
Tissue of gold, than sadness gnaws our heart.
Let us apply the moral.

QUEEN.

Cousin, why blame

Me, not my fate?

CARDINAL.

Fate?—In your body dwells there
An evil spirit, that your life must be
A purgatory? Think you God directs
'Gainst you alone his thunders? arms 'gainst you
His judgments? O what torture like self-torture!
See yourself as I see you, heavy-browed,
With troubled eye, and countenance aghast—

QUEEN.

God made me weak and fallible.

CARDINAL.

Poor Soul!

Be to yourself more charitable. Think

That One there is who answers for your faults,
And multiplies your merits.

QUEEN.

Hope rests there :

Or I were mad.

CARDINAL.

All men are born to suffer.

What are the consolations of the Scripture,
The fruit of exhortation and of prayer,
If now you quail? No, you shall quail no more.

QUEEN.

My web of life was woven with the nettle :
My very triumphs were bedewed with tears.
What now is left?

CARDINAL.

Religion. As the sunbow
Shines in the showery gloom, and makes the cloud
A shape of glory, in thy path she stands
A herald of high promise. Blessed emblem !
Religion bids thee hope ! This gloomy life
Must be amended ; we must draw thee hence.

QUEEN.

Thanks be to God ! time works while we grieve on.
Deprive not sorrow of the shade she needs ;
The sad quiescence of desponding thought.
Job also raised his voice, and wailed aloud

And so was comforted. Remember, also,
In weeping I can pray : should I not ?

CARDINAL.

Yea.

Pray with thanksgiving : 'tis the sum of duty !

QUEEN.

Whene'er I turn my thoughts to God, one image
Stands between me and heaven. Instead of prayer
A sigh for Philip trembles on my lip.

CARDINAL.

To pine thus for the absent, as men mourn
The dead, is sinful.

QUEEN.

Speak no more of him.

Thoughts holier be my guide. You pity one
Who twines her heart to the decaying creature,
Yet may earn heaven. All earthly vows are light
As winds ; faithless as ice. I raise my eyes :
There find I love enduring—ever loyal !
Ay, loyal ; for the Saviour, through our flesh,
Hath bound himself to man's community ;
And with immortal garlands, without thorns,
Shall crown his chosen.

CARDINAL.

Hear me, Queen of England !

Thus I preach comfort to thee. Live forthy People !

Make England happy ! It is a noble thing
To stablish thrones on bounty ; reign through love :
To make the spacious heart of man our kingdom.
O'er such a Prince the hand of God shakes forth
Blessings like rain on the green lap of Spring.
For him no stabber lurks in palace courts :
His march is tranquil in the front of battle :
Good luck attends his counsels. Prosperous
At home, and revered in lands remote,
All eyes wake for him, and all tongues pray for
him :

His life shall be a blessing to his people ;
And his just memory their rightful dower.

QUEEN.

But how **make good** the portraiture ? alas !
We cannot **pace** the avenue to glory,
Until with blood its sacred palms are sprinkled.
Our churches were baptized with martyrs' gore,
Which holocausts must purge !

CARDINAL.

I spake, not, daughter,
Of glory : I besought thee to be good.
The chief of greatness is surpassing goodness :
And that outsoars the ken of mortal eyes ;
Hidden with God. Yet I would have thee glorious :
Radiant with all heroic qualities ;

Magnanimously bent on great designs ;
Profuse in liberality ; sedate
Even in devotion ; scrupulously just ;—
All this hath Mary been : why not so still ?

QUEEN.

O Reginald ! thou guiding, this might be.
To thy pure hands I would confide the staff
Now feebly held by the apostate Cranmer.

CARDINAL.

To speak of him I sought you.

QUEEN :

First decide :

Will you accept this charge ?

CARDINAL.

And Winton curse

The hand that doth supplant him ?

QUEEN.

He deserves

Promotion : but not thus—

CARDINAL [*musings*].

He who hath stood

Upon the first step of the Papal throne,
And vacant left the Vatican, may look
With eye undazzled on the chair of Lambeth.

:

QUEEN.

The Church requires your service : you must
yield it.

CARDINAL.

I answer to her call, and yours. A wrong
It were to both if Stephen Gardiner made
The crozier but a bloody battle-axe.
You must spare Cranmer. Hear me. He hath been
Your mother's foe—a false friend to her rival :
Therefore 'tis great to spare. But in the main,
Though weak, he is good : ardent in search of
truth,
Though apt to wander ; generous when not fearful ;
Clear-sighted, where self-interest blinds him not.
Such men are dangerous, if desperate :
We must not make him so—for such make mar-
tyrs ;
And martyrdoms make error popular.

QUEEN.

I wish not for his death.

CARDINAL.

But Gardiner wills it :
Ay, and will have it, if you be not watchful.
Strange things are rumoured of the Council's do-
ings
While you lay sick.

QUEEN.

What can I do?

CARDINAL.

No evil,

That good may follow. Openly remove
The heretick prelate by prerogative ;
And, though most irksome, I will bear his burthen.

QUEEN.

I have long thought it strange that you refused
The greater honour though the heavier burthen :
The proffered crown of Rome.

CARDINAL [*after much agitation*].

Look not alarmed—

[*A pause.*]

You touch the mind's immedicable wound.—
O God ! that I had died before I knew thee !—
Pardon me—pardon me !

QUEEN.

We both need pardon.

Let us forget the past. God strengthen us !

CARDINAL.

Fear not. Henceforth we gaze upon each other,
As the two Cherubim upon the Ark ;
The living God between !

QUEEN.

Then take my hand.

—It will be colder soon. May God be with you !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Oxford, interior of a Prison.

CRANMER, RIDLEY, LATYMER.

RIDLEY.

WE stand upon the confines of two worlds ;
Which are as kingdoms in hostility.
Here every passion, here all woes are banded ;
And from the throne of death an Anarch rules.
There infinite peace, beneath the shield of faith ;
Angelick knowledge ; immortality !
At length we stoop o'er the dividing ridge,
After sore labour. Fear not to descend.
Our grievous perils past, all sorrows o'er.
The kingdom of our God unfolds ! Hosanna !

LATYMER.

Thank God that I have lived to see this day,
And bless him from the midst of purging fires !
Brother, through God's grace, we this day shall
kindle,
Throughout this English land, a light whereby
True Faith shall shine for ever.

RIDLEY.

Praise to Him,
Our Strength alone !—Thou art reserved, dear
Cranmer—

God give our Captain courage for the fight !

CRANMER. .

My soul is sad. I need your dying prayers.
Too prosperous, too dainty in my ways,
I have been, for this reverse. The coming doom
Shakes me, as shames a soldier of the cross.

RIDLEY.

Kneel, and pour forth thy fainting spirit in prayer,
When we go forth. Think not of what we suffer :
But gaze upon the vision of our glory,
Till thou shalt long to share it.

CRANMER. .

Not as thine
Is my poor heart ; but sluggish as my blood
Creeps my slow mind. God shapes us wonder-
fully !

We seem both formed alike ; yet that free spirit
Which sparkles in thine eyes looks dull from mine.
Are we indeed slaves of our elements ?

RIDLEY.

In truth the moral and the physical
Are wondrously compacted : God's good purpose
Pervading all.

LATYMER.

Come, brother ; it is time
To wean our thoughts from Earth. To prayer !—
to prayer !

So shall our psalms rise on our flames to Heaven !
Dear Cranmer take our last embrace. Be firm,
And faithful to the end !

[*Exeunt Ridley and Latymer.*

CRANMER [*alone*].

Incarnate Spirits

Of martyrdom ! ye will ascend the pile
As 'twere Elijah's chariot :—this poor heart,
The while with palpitating terrors torn.
O cease, ye earthly tremours ! Faith, support me !
Surely I have not called on God aright ?
—Alas ! alas ! that, knowing well my fault,
I have not strength to mend it—I will pray !—

[*He retires to a side oriel, kneels, rises, looks
from the window.*

Enter GARDINER, who watches unobserved.

CRANMER.

O God ! was it in kindness or despite
They placed me here ? My heart was not prepared
To quit, without a pang, this fair, fair world.
Look on that breadth of woodland ; breezy hills ;
And waters that wind through, like placid
thoughts.

Here could I live a hermit, praising God :
Forgetful of all cares ;—the carnal pomps

Of Lambeth ;—court cabals. Go forth, my soul—
And commune with the things thou lov'dst in
youth.

O ! is it not a goodly thing to hold
Discourse with the great forest, face to face ;
Near murmuring waters, with free-warbling birds,
And throng of insect life that veils the porch
Of the great Temple ? Then our souls converse
With that Intelligence diffused through all !—
Who thinks of cunning stops, metals or woods,
Or the trained finger, when the organ's breath
Blows perfect music through capacious domes ?—
Our spirit commingles with the spirit of sound,
Participant of all its harmonies.
Thus penetrates the soul all that is good
And beautiful in Nature : drawing from all
The flavour and the aliment of joy.
How great his goodness, sharing all perfections
Among his creatures :—wisdom that proportions
Each to his want ! O ! love Him—He is thine—
And thou art His ! His arms surround—His grace
Protects—His liberalities enrich thee !—

[*Loud shouting outside.*

I wake—O miserable man !—behold !
Does God indeed protect thee ? Hark those yells—
Great God ! that fearful death ! the most abhorred !

[*He beats the ground.*

Hide me, cold stones ! thou gelid Earth, ope for me !

[*Starts up again.*

I must look on it—ha ! it drags me forward

[*A sudden glare.*

With a wild fascination—see—they gather

Around—a ring of fiends !—O women ! women !

What brings ye there ?—is this a sight ? I'm

blasted !

[*He reels back.*

The smoke—breaks off—the flames—O Latymer !

I am very faint—too much ! I cannot bear it.

GARDINER.

Nor need you, master Cranmer. In your ear ;

One little word.

[*Whispers.*

CRANMER.

Avoid thee, Satan !

GARDINER.

Pshaw !

You are to blame. Hard words shall not avail
you.

But I forgive. You weep away your brains.

CRANMER.

Gardiner, I am ashamed that you should see

A Christian thus.

GARDINER.

Tut, man ! the bravest soldier

Would shake to see a brother roast alive :

Only probable.

But I shall be your friend. Trust not in Pole!

CRANMER.

Palter not with me. Why not trust in Pole?

I have ever found him gentle.

GARDINER.

Men are mortal.

CRANMER.

Pole's in good health—

GARDINER.

Yet prophecies go round

That he stands foremost on death's calendar.

CRANMER.

He shall outlive us both.

GARDINER.

I think not so.

Enough—If **you** uphold what's here subscribed,

You may be saved.

CRANMER.

Yet lost eternally!

GARDINER.

Possibly both ways, if you so speak to others.

We shall see—we shall see! God keep you.

Doctor Cranmer!

[*Exit.*

CRANMER.

Oh madman! recreant! I am lost for ever!

[*Scene closes.*



ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Closet, Whitehall.

Enter QUEEN and CARDINAL.

CARDINAL.

I TELL you this is wrong ; your course is
wicked.

Ay, wicked—I must speak. O Mary, shrink not.
This duty, trust me, is an agony.

QUEEN.

Go on, my lord.

CARDINAL.

Rogers died first : what then.

Keener Fanaticism from his ashes
Sprang up, a new-born Phoenix. Hooper, Ridley,
The venerable Latymer ; Now Cranmer—
You kindle fires to torture dying men :
These fires are lighting living hearts.

QUEEN.

What mean you ?

Think you I love to kill ? It is—it is—

A terrible duty ! Pole, I cannot sleep :

Yet dreams are not more hideous than my
thoughts.

CARDINAL.

Sometimes I hope you know not what fiends do,
Armed with your name.

QUEEN.

I know the men you named
Died, obstinate in crime.

CARDINAL.

The men I named !
The poor, by thousands, perish in your flames !

QUEEN.

The poor ! the ignorant ! I slay not these.

CARDINAL.

Yet these die daily.

QUEEN.

Would that I were dead !
The faculty of power slips from my grasp :
And I remain the servile tool of wrong.
Would I were dead !—It will soon be—What
means this ?

Enter GARDINER.

My lord of Winton. Does the Council doom
Our people without warrant from ourself?

GARDINER.

None but the obdurate in heresy.
For this we have our warrant : and no less
Will satisfy the Church. To stem the course
Of justice, Madam, trust me shall endanger
Your precious soul : nor would it now avail.
The Holy See in this hath masterdom.

QUEEN.

Mean you to menace?

GARDINER.

God forbid ! But one
Sits on the Roman throne who knows its rights.

QUEEN.

Rights?

GARDINER.

Interdict and excommunication.

CARDINAL.

Trust me, my lord, the people will not bear
These dire severities.

GARDINER.

We'll look to that.
The people ?—ever preaching of the people !

My lord, if they but budge, we'll ride them down.

CARDINAL.

I shame to hear you.

GARDINER.

Wherefore?

CARDINAL.

They are men?

What fills your treasury? The people's hands;
Which labour at the loom, the plough, the helm.
What nerves your power? The thews of common
men.

Ye can transmute the peasant's blood to gold:
Refine his sweat to silken sheen and gems.
What then to you is basis of all gain?
The poor serf's heart, who smiles amid his
labours.

And kisses every hand that spreads his dole;—
Yet, roused by wrong, in blindness of his strength,
Can pull the pillars of your temples down
In righteous ruin.

QUEEN.

Pole, thou speakest well.

GARDINER.

Under your leave, my liege, his Eminence
Speaks scholarly, not practically, well.
Wise sayings are the playthings of the wise.

As abstract propositions, in their closets,
Men sport with maxims which, in act, would peril
Their heads, and shake down kingdoms.

QUEEN.

Let this cease.
You named but now the Archbishop. He is safe
In recantation.

GARDINER.

He retracts the same.

CARDINAL.

Not so. Renewed persuasion binds him faster.

GARDINER.

I say the recreant shall retract once more,
When urged by hope, not fear.

CARDINAL.

A weak, good man.

GARDINER.

'Twere well to test this instability.
Therefore, upon the ground of his backsliding,
He shall be thoroughly probed.

QUEEN.

No torture, Sir !

GARDINER.

None—surely none—save torture of the mind.

CARDINAL.

Your meaning ?

GARDINER.

Simply thus. He hath relapsed :
And therefore merits death. With due permission,
I purpose to prepare him for the stake :
The fear whereof will madden him. We, then,
May hint—that if he shall profess repentance,
From the high pulpit of Saint Mary's church,
The doom he hath incurred may be remitted.
Their leader's palinode shall scandalize
His faction sorely. What says my lord to this ?

CARDINAL.

You study the sage Florentine. Your scheme
Is worthy Macchiavelli, and his "Tyrant."

GARDINER.

The scholar will break out ! You better suit
The cloister than the court. Time presses, Madam.

CARDINAL.

Madam, you speak not. Then 'tis time I go.

QUEEN.

Desert me not.

CARDINAL.

Desert not thou thyself.
I have once spoken plainly—twice to speak
Is once too often, when we speak in vain.

[*Exit Cardinal.*]

GARDINER.

Now think, and act, as shall become a Queen ;
Enervated no more by this man's folly !

QUEEN.

Presume not thou to slur the Cardinal.

GARDINER.

My liege, the time hath come when duty forces
Words from my lips which may affect my life.
Slay me, but hear me first : hear the King's voice—
The word a husband speaks ; who will renounce
you,

(In this I speak commissioned) if unheeded :
The word the Church, through me, her minister,
Pronounces ; which can excommunicate
(I speak commissioned) all who disobey :
The word our venerable law declares,
Saying, the Sovereign who abandons duty
(I speak commissioned still) forfeits the rights
Accorded to her by her subjects' oaths ;
Then when her oath gave pledge reciprocal.

[He kneels.]

You are moved ! O blame me not or strike me
dead—

The death were welcome that might win you back
To the right path, whence if you now depart
You perish.

QUEEN [*much agitated*].

I will do what you judge best.

GARDINER.

Nay what the Council judge—then you are safe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Hatfield House.

Enter ELIZABETH, WINCHESTER, PEMBROKE,
OXFORD.

ELIZABETH.

A CURSE is on **this** kingdom ! Each new day
Comes with the **stamp** of blood upon its forehead.
And though pale faces lurk 'neath smiling masks,
The hot heart palpitates for retribution.
My sister's miseries are manifest :
Yet still the royal monster who deserts her
Rules through his myrmidons. In vain doth Pole
His nobler counsels urge.

WINCHESTER.

Our hope lay there—
In our great enemy—'tis marvellous

How little Pole's commanding mind and will
Avail this day for England.

OXFORD.

He is cramped.

Within the jealous precinct of a court
Large energies like his lack room to move.
Pole cannot act with others. Men like him
Bear sway alone ; or lie like stranded ship,
That hears the clarion of the seaward wind,
And waves no pennon.

ELIZABETH.

His ambition dead,
(For he has touched the summit and foregone it)
He fights with the left hand ; and from his work
His heart is absent.

WINCHESTER.

Also his body fails him.

ELIZABETH.

The silver voice of Fakenham pleads in vain.
Philip commands ; Bonner inveighs ; at hand
Is wily Gardiner's whisper. Shall we wonder
If thus assailed, sapped, stung, her sick heart
yields ?

PEMBROKE.

We wonder not ; but—let the word be spoken—
Shall we submit ?

WINCHESTER.

Ridley and Latymer
Have perished : Cranmer, ere another day,
Dies too. Speak Madam ! Shall the plague be
stayed ?

ELIZABETH.

I scarcely understand your aim, my lords :—
Perhaps I misconceive. What would you have ?

PEMBROKE.

Elizabeth for Queen !

OXFORD.

You go too far.
I would to God her Highness ruled through law—
Not in despite of law. The Queen's distraught.
I claimed my right, an audience, hoping little,
Yet strenuous. Alas ! what found I there ?
Eyes wandering, thoughts perplexed, a broken
voice—
The tower of mind down toppling to its earth !
She is half dead—

WINCHESTER.

Without sign manual
No convict dies.

OXFORD.

What knows she what she signs ?
Parchments throng round—time presses—Gardi-
ner frets—

With aching brain she strives to read ; then sighs,
And wipes her eyes ; and signs. God pardon her !
Her faculties are torpid. She will lie
Speechless as one that's dead : then wake with
cries,
Her temples swollen with inward pain, teeth
gnashing,
Her pale lips flecked with foam.

WINCHESTER.

God pity her !

OXFORD.

She dreamed to be the giver of new life :
But breeds disease, whose issue must be death.

WINCHESTER.

Is not this persecution a plain fact ?

OXFORD.

Oh those incarnate devils, Gardiner and Bonner !
Flesh bred in murder ! Blame those fiends, not her.
And blame your parliament with purse agape
For Noaille's gold ; and ears for Renaud's guile !
I say the Queen's distraught ; she cannot govern—
A regency cures that.

PEMBROKE.

I love straight ways :
Bye paths mislead. Had Richmond grasped at
Bosworth

Less than a crown, Richard had won the day.

ELIZABETH.

My lords, I pray you cease. I have ever found
The Queen exceeding kind. She spared me once ;
When foes maligned me. I will not supplant
her :—

Nor, were I so disposed, doth the time suit.
That time too swiftly comes ;—but heralded
By death. Be patient.

WINCHESTER.

Cranmer loved your Mother.

ELIZABETH.

Where was his aid in her extremity ?
Weak pilot, veering with each shift of wind !
Think you he will recant again ?

OXFORD.

Not now.

ELIZABETH.

Then is he doomed. Christ succour his frail
flesh !

How can I save a self-abandoned man ?
No man is safe. All are hemmed in by spies.
Men watch while we talk here. Farewell, my lords.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Oxford, the Queen's Chamber.

Enter, to her, GARDINER.

QUEEN.

WHY stand'st thou gasping thus ?

GARDINER.

Scarce can I speak.

I am well nigh choked with anger and amaze.

This smooth, fair-spoken, lying, cringing

Cranmer

Hath turned upon us, like a boar at bay !

Ay, of a truth, he bared his tusks on us,

In such a sort, these gray hairs stood on end.

QUEEN.

Dares he to tempt us—peril his soul's safety—

Even in the doomster's grasp ?

GARDINER.

Let me take breath !

Heart-sick and brain-sick am I—Miscreant !

traitor !—

We led the arch heretick to Mary's church ;

Trusting that there he would abjure his sin ;

And so improve short respite to full pardon.

The "Nunc Dimittis" sung, we let him mount
The step beneath the pulpit ; where he knelt,
And wept so piteously, that many, trust me,
Shed tears in sympathy ; specially those
Who felt most hopeful in his late conversion.
But scarce had Doctor Cole his worthy sermon
Concluded, in the which he set forth stoutly
The heresies of this blind man ; expounding
How men are tempted, not beyond endurance ;
And that his hope, even like the penitent thief
Might mount to Paradise ; with many more
Like comfortable charges—this, concluded,
Crammer arose, with tearful eyes to heaven.
Our hopes stood tiptoe : but, this mumming
ended,

Did he profess the truth ? Not so !—Quoth he,
" The time hath passed that I should more
dissemble."

And then he swore his conscience pricked him
most

For his feigned recantation, to save life :
And that the hand which signed should burn the
first.

Then did he ban the Pope :—We stood aghast !

QUEEN.

Now, by the God that made me !—but, go on.

GARDINER.

We bade him be a Christian, and submit.
But momentarily he grew more contumacious :
Until, our patience gone, we packed him off
Unto the stocks.

QUEEN.

Inveigh against the Pope ?
Reville our holy Church ?—incite the People ?—

GARDINER.

We wait your pleasure.

QUEEN.

Let him die the death !

GARDINER.

Suspense is torture. He must die ! The state—
God's holy Church—your oath to both demand it.

QUEEN.

Spurned as a rabid dog—shunned as a leper—
Let his foul ashes scatter on the wind !
So be the violated Faith avenged :
Away ! away ! I pant for thy return !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Street in Oxford.**Enter* WINCHESTER, OXFORD, *and* PEMBROKE.

PEMBROKE.

THE Princess fails us : let us try the People,
Or he is lost.

WINCHESTER.

Consistency, forsooth !
Stand up to death !—all for a name—a shadow !
A martyr truly ! Better live a saint !
To die untimely shall not profit him,
Nor his disciples. Let him live ; that so
Hereafter he *may* preach.

OXFORD.

What matters it—
Or soon or late ? Our mission here is closed,
Duty fulfilled : and when this world fades from us
The better dawns. Scandal too much hath fallen
Upon the Church by his backsliding once.
Be firm, O Cranmer, to the end !

WINCHESTER.

I grant you,

The trouble of the time requires calm courses.

PEMBROKE.

Calm courses ! Have I challenged on his path
That bear, Northumberland, to quail at curs ?

WINCHESTER.

You knew your man, and weighed the times :
that bear
Fell in your pit—sorely we smote him in it—
Marry I spared not !

OXFORD.

I had no part therein.
I scorned the vermin, and withheld from Court.
But to the matter. Count not on the people :
'Tis manifest they side with the old Church.
To strike with half a weapon—charge unbacked—
Were but scant wisdom.

WINCHESTER.

We must bide our time.

PEMBROKE.

Farewell, my lords !—So be it !—Sink, good sword
In Isis fathoms five—I need you not !

[Exit, flinging away his sword.]

WINCHESTER.

We have chafed our noble friend a whit too
sharply.

OXFORD.

Give the hot horse the rein—he'll stop when
breathless.

But what avails complaint. 'Tis time we part.

WINCHESTER.

Oxford, farewell! Heaven bless thy noble heart.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

Oxford. A gallery.

QUEEN, *alone.*

QUEEN.

Why comes not Gardiner?—this is horrible.
He tempted me, he terrified, he goaded;—
The homicide I fiated is doing—
And like the victim I stand shivering here,
In the mind's ague. Hark! was not that a cry?
What do I watch?—Inexorable minutes.
How swift ye speed!—too late—too late to save!
O mad precipitation of my will!
Even while I speak, the future grows the past!

[Shouting heard.]

The shout of thousands, from the scene of death
Murmuring hoarsely—what is doing now !

Enter GARDINER [staggering feebly].

You come at last—I have waited long—speak—
speak !

Hush—that dread sound again ! My temples burn
Hot as the martyr's pile. 'Tis doing—Bishop !
The deed you longed for—why not look on it
With your red hungry eyes ? The man you hate
Even now consumes in his great agony.

O Cranmer ! See him, as I see him now—
His arms flung forth, thus—thus : the tongues
of flame

Eating into him like Megæra's vipers !
The agony of hell is in that cry !
It hath gone up before the Son of God
Appealing ; ay—and we must answer it.
Well may you tremble, prelate ! Ho ! some light !
A preternatural shadow falls upon us.
I shall grow mad—why speak you not, pale
wretch ?

GARDINER.

Pardon ! My voice sticks in my throat ! In truth
I am very feeble—sick almost to death.

QUEEN.

Light ! light ! what means this darkness ? Hark !
the voice

Of God in thunder ! who hath seen before
A cloud like that o'ercast the evening sky ?
Black as a pall—it grows—it hovers o'er us—
A demon's wing, dun with the soot of hell !
Come hither—nay, you shall come—mark yon
glare !

It is not lightning—it abides : not lightning,
It grows—look on it—priest of peace ! look on it !
Know you what that betides ? I charge you, speak.

GARDINER.

I can endure no more ! *[He rushes out.*

Enter FAKENHAM.

QUEEN.

Welcome, good Fakenham !
Speak, I conjure you ! let me hear some voice !

FAKENHAM.

What can I say ?—Thought sickens—

QUEEN.

While you pause
Fancy is busy—anything but silence !
I am nerved to hear the worst.

FAKENHAM.

What shall I say ?

His death—that white-haired man—had graced a
martyr ?

QUEEN.

What did he do—what say ?

FAKENHAM.

He never shrank

From torment—nay, ere the flame reached his
body,

He stretched his hand forth to it, and there held
it—

A black and shrivel'd shape—pah ! I am sick !—
Saying, “ Weak member ! thou hast wrought my
sin ;

Perish thou first ? ”

QUEEN.

I think my senses fail :

What more—what more ?

FAKENHAM.

He never breathed a groan ;

But bowed his head amid the flames and died.

QUEEN.

A martyr ! ha ! ha ! martyr—said you not ?

FAKENHAM.

His death became the saints of better days.

Enter MARGARET DOUGLAS.

MARGARET.

O my sweet mistress !

QUEEN.

What new stroke of horror

Falls on us now ?

MARGARET.

Scarce had my lord of Winton

Reached his own house, where friends had come
to feast,

Sudden, as though by lightning, he fell dead.

QUEEN.

Support me, I am giddy !

FAKENHAM.

Hold her up—

Dead ! Gardiner dead ! He hath been sick of late.

Yet it is strange. Watch our sad mistress well.

[Exeunt Queen and Margaret.]

Ay—strange—both die : both—victim, and oppressor—

At the same moment die : and die unshriven.

Be masses sung !—let prayer unceasingly

Rise to the throne of God !—Mediate, good Saints !

Two grievous sinners sleep : may both awake

To mercy ! Which needs most !—I am sore disturbed.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Richmond Place, Queen's Chamber.

QUEEN *asleep on a couch, with MARGARET DOUGLAS near her.* Enter CARDINAL and OXFORD.

CARDINAL.

I FEAR I task your friendly aid, my lord ;
This fever eats into my bones: I move
Feebly and painfully.

OXFORD.

Your Eminence
Is not so stricken as our mistress yonder.
I do begin to fear her end is nigh.

CARDINAL.

Our birth is the beginning of our dying !
It matters little when the end shall be.

OXFORD.

Much to our woful country. Heaven avert it !

CARDINAL.

To suit one creature universal laws
Are not revoked. Swift be thy homeward voyage,
O Mary, to the haven of thy rest !
The providential current, followed out,
Will lead thee onward to the pleasant sea ;

From cataract and rock devolving smoothly
To the great symbol of eternity ;
Which, seeming to dispart, links all together.

OXFORD.

Think you, my lord, King Philip will come back ?

CARDINAL.

I fear me not.

OXFORD.

Nor guess a cause ?

CARDINAL.

'Tis clear

He loves her not. Alas ! he knows her not,
Thus thrall'd, thus mask'd, in premature decay,
Sprung from unworthy slight, care, grief, remorse.

OXFORD.

He may be jealous.

CARDINAL.

No ! he does not love !

OXFORD.

His natural condition is distrust :
His ear needs but some venomous tongue to
 sting it,
And he shall be as dangerous as the abyss,
Whose smoke makes dark the sun !

CARDINAL.

Alas ! alas !

Behold the end. Here lies a great heart blasted !

[He kneels at the couch and kisses the Queen's hand.]

QUEEN.

The Cardinal—O joy !—How sweet to waken
Toward a loved face with a smile ? Whence come
you ?

Why look you sad ?

CARDINAL.

I came to lighten sorrow.

QUEEN.

Is the King well ?

CARDINAL.

The King is well, but comes not.

QUEEN.

Oh me ! when I look back on what I have been ;
The strange vicissitudes that marked my way ;
I shudder for the future. I have been
As one who saw some vision in the air
Of elemental beauty, which, when grasped at,
Vanished : and left instead a grinning devil.
Too late I find how far from good I've wandered.
Oh ! never may you feel the agony
Which weighs a heart down that hath earned
despair.

You stare at me as one of sense deprived,

Or a sleep-walker crouching o'er a gulf.
I am no maniac, Pole, but very wretched.

CARDINAL.

Why will you judge the worst? prognosticate
Nought but disaster? This is no regal spirit!
It is to be a dastard to complain.

QUEEN.

There was a time—O Reginald! our youth
Was not bound down by frosty forms : pray
with me !

Pray for me !—pray for hope !

CARDINAL.

There was a time
When all your thoughts were to this heart laid
open :

And then to comfort yours was joy to mine.
Methought God gave you, as I prayed for you—
Now graver state, stern duties interpose ;
And reverence chains down favour.

QUEEN.

God ! thou knowest
What, under better guidance, I had been.
Marvels perplex ; torments, despised while suffered,
Master the spirit ; blind forebodings mock us :
And, though the eye marks not, the inner soul,

Trembling, responds to outward influences.
Therefore I deem this shadow on my mind
The skirts of that dark pall which swathes my
fortunes.

CARDINAL.

This from a Christian ?

Enter LORD WENTWORTH, *Governor of Calais.*

QUEEN.

Hold ! if I read aright
A face of woe, this justifies my fear,
Why come you, Wentworth, from your precious
charge ?

WENTWORTH.

Woe's me ! my charge is lost. Calais hath yielded.

QUEEN.

What man—art mad ? unsay thy tidings, traitor !
Calais, the brightest gem of Harry's crown !
Our badge on France's cap—our sallyport
To his rich manors ! O dishonoured Queen !
Talk not to me of patience—speak of vengeance,
Or I shall madden.

WENTWORTH.

Hear a little further.
The King hath triumphed nobly at Saint Quentin.
The Spanish infantry there pushed the French

From a fair field ; and took their Constable,
 The famous Montmorency, and the Rhinegrave,
 Montpensier, Longueville and Gonzaga ;
 Leaving the son of Bourbon, duke of Anguien,
 Young Roche du Maine, and others, men of note,
 Dead on the field.

QUEEN.

And this, Sir, you can comfort
 That Spanish sword-are broken with victory
 While our's are broken to dust and ruin.

Exeunt.

In the midst of these things, the king, who was
etc.

The death of the king, the loss of his
 Degenerate son, the loss of his
etc.

The scripter is a man—*His name is not known*
Enter Lord of the

Exeunt.

My liege, we have had the late King's remains
 Been captured, when another man came up,
 Assuming the late name of Edward
 Who straight made proclamation, by the title
 Of the seventh Edward : saying indignantly
 Therein to call your royal sister Queen,
 And his affianced wife.

QUEEN.

O heavy day !
The old wound bleeds afresh. Spare me, good
God !

PAGET.

How will's your Grace to deal with these ?

QUEEN.

Who knows not
The punishment of traitors? Smite their necks—
As they have smit this heart ! Not for myself—
Not for myself, thou knowest O God, I strike—
But for my country, bleeding through my wounds !

Enter LORD HOWARD of Effingham.

I see disaster couched within thine eye.
Speak on—speak out.

LORD HOWARD.

The Scot hath passed the border,
In swarms, devastating our lands, defiling
Our household honour ; slaughtering our babes !

MARY [*springing up*].

Bring forth my chariot, and my battle horses !
Princes should head their armies, and partake
The peril they provoke. The cry of war
Renerves my vigour. From my couch of pain
See, I have leaped, and flung my staff away,

Even as the cripple at the voice of Christ !

CARDINAL.

He is a God of peace. Link not his name
With thoughts of strife.

QUEEN.

God is the God of battles !
And rides forth in the vanward of his chosen.
Marvels he wrought in the old time by the hands
Of his anointed. Bring my regal helm—
And panoply of mail : and redcross shield.
I will go forth like Miriam, and hymn
The triumph of the Lord before his people !
Down-trampled Treason in the mire shall writhe
Like a crushed adder. We shall spurn the Scots ;
And lash the hounds of France back to their ken-
nel—
To horse—I cry aloud !

OXFORD [*aside*].

Obstruct her not.

This passion must have way. Already, mark you,
Her power collapses.

CARDINAL.

Fearful 'tis to witness
This conflict of fierce wrath with corporal weak-
ness—
Thus devils rebuked, rend, ere they leave, their vic-
tims.

QUEEN.

I am very faint. Bring me a cup of water.
Time was—but it is gone : Time is—swift passing :

Time comes—but no reality for me !
I have reigned—I am lost ! Let me die !

CARDINAL.

Break not—break not our hearts—Better the rage
That nerved you at the first.

QUEEN.

Dear Reginald !

We both are bound for death : which first I know
not.

I shall not see the end : but what that end
I know. The spirit of prophecy is o'er me.
Cloud after cloud, great woes come frowning on :
A nation's wreck—the bloody death of Kings.
Call not, O Reginald, this mood despair.
That I have done with earth, and sigh for peace,
Need waken no man's wonder. Not disease—
Hearts of good cheer might conquer that—but
grief,

Remorse, shame, strike me with stern gauntlets
down :

While daily cares, petty anxieties,
Fret me to madness.

■

CARDINAL.

Great of soul wert thou,
And strong of heart till now. Be so again.

QUEEN.

The strength of England, in my heart till now
Concentred, melting, leaves me but myself—
Sum up my personal life. You knew me first,
A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—
A princess, shorn of her inheritance—
A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—
A rightful queen, hemmed by usurping bands
A reigning queen, baited by slaves she spared—
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won
her—

A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—
And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging
Her people to unprofitable wars ;
And from her feeble hold basely resigning
The trophy of long centuries of fame.
I have reigned—I am lost—let me die !

CARD.

Is Calais worth these p^r aptitude

Hath lost what valour shall regain.

QUEEN.

'Tis gone !—

For ever !—England's heritage of glory—

When shall her banner wave in France again ?

CARDINAL.

When France outstrips her in the race of crime.

QUEEN.

Prophetick be thy words ! But I shall lie
Forgotten in my grave ere then—Forgotten ?
Forgotten ! no ! Shame's never dying echoes
Shall keep the memory of the bloody Mary
Alive in England. Vampyre calumny
Shall prey on my remains. My name shall last
To fright the children of the race I love.

CARDINAL.

Daughter, you err ; forgetting in this passion
The justice of your Maker.

QUEEN.

Humbly I own it :

Impugning not the ways of Providence
Because I suffer. Justly the penalty
Of sin is meted to me.

CARDINAL.

With that thought

Consent to peace were easy.

QUEEN.

Peace ? no peace
Till Calais be regained. No peace ! my People—
All England shouts upon my dying ear.
No peace—no peace—till Calais be won back !

CARDINAL.

Peace is God's gift.

QUEEN.

Calais ! thy name is graven
Upon my heart—You'll find it when I die !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

St. James's Palace, Queen's Chamber.

QUEEN, MARGARET, DOUGLAS, FAKENHAM.

QUEEN.

WHEN shall my foot have rest ? You led me first
To Hampton Court from Richmond : then you
said

The banks of Thame were marshy ; and with pain
I have crept hither to St. James's towers.
Holy the name ! 'Twere well should I die here.
Why comes not the lord Cardinal ?

FAKENHAM.

ak

He is to move. Slow fever racks h

QUEEN.

Our fates are strangely linked. We'll die together.
I have so dreamed before. Have you no news?

MARGARET.

Yes, madam, heavy news. The Emperor—

QUEEN.

Is dead? I know it ere you answer. Blest
Is he to be released from worldly cares,
And public calumny; his dying ears
Soothed by the prayers of saintly men; his limbs
By holy hands composed!—Who is it that comes?

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

I see not plainly.

MARGARET.

Count de Feria.

COUNT [*kneeling*].

I seek your Grace with missives from the King.

QUEEN.

Will he not come to soothe a dying woman?

COUNT.

Pressing emergencies of state constrain him.
He prays your grace to wear this jewelled ring,
In pledge of amity: and bids you live
In cheerful hope of bodily amendment.

QUEEN.

I shall not trouble him long. There is no hope.

COUNT.

And if there be no hope—which God forefend!—
He owns the Princess as your proper heir.

QUEEN.

This gives me joy unlooked for. Tell him, good
Feria,

I pledge him as he hopes for God's reward,
That he, when I am gone, unto my People
Shall prove himself a father in his care ;
A brother in his love: and furthermore,
In his great power a frank and ready friend
Unto my heir. Take this, a precious diamond,
His father's gift—and this, his own dear pledge—
These bid him keep—in memory of the Dead.
It pleased not God that I should leave behind me
A pledge of my affection—I am choked
With strange emotions—I must speak no more
Of this—nor Philip—Pardon my wanderings!—
O Virgin Mother! intercede for one
Whose thoughts—thus on the threshold of thy
glory—
Still earthward turn—

FAKENHAM.

You are exhausted, daughter,
Haply you might have sleep, if we retired.

QUEEN.

The last sleep comes ! Call in my gentlewomen—
Let no strange hand profane my poor remains.
O heavy eyes ! O fluttering heart ! the hour
Is come that wafts you to eternity !
Where are you, Fakenham ? Go not—

FAKENHAM.

I am here.

QUEEN.

I thought you gone, not seeing well. Some cordial—

For somewhat I have still to say. Where are you ?

MARGARET.

We are, and shall be, near you.

QUEEN.

Give me your hand—

Why not my sister's hand ? Ah, poor Jane Grey !

She was to Edward, while he died, a sister.

I am a sinful creature—bless you, sister !

—I would have speech with Pembroke.

MARGARET.

He is gone

To Hatfield.

QUEEN.

Winchester ?

FAKENHAM.

He, too, is gone.

QUEEN.

Deserted on my deathbed !—Yet not so—
Dear friends, how many of ye still cling round me !
I am content. In truth, the agony
Is not what I had feared—Why this is nothing.
Be satisfied—I do not fear to die :
And, to say truth, have long time wished to die.
The mist that brooded o'er the face of things
Is lifted. Death is sent to make us sane.
—Bear to my cousin Pole—friend of my youth—
My last, last blessing. If he live, I charge him
To watch my sister with exceeding love.
If he be bound for heaven, his orisons
Shall plead for her he loved—too well—too
sadly—
Before the all-seeing Judge. Take these, my
jewels—
And that best gift of earth, a deathbed blessing,
Unto my sister. Not to strongly rule
This kingdom, (for I know, and fully trust
Her noble intellect) but fondly rule it,
Leaving the issue of her cares with God,
I supplicate, and warn her. For religion,
I know she is no Puritan ; yet fear
She stumbles in her faith. At least, I pray her,
To be to others, as I was to her,

Indulgent. Let my debts be justly paid—
And from my goods endow an hospital
For worn out soldiers. Re-endow three convents
For the Observants, and, at Schene and Sion,
For charitable watching of the Poor.
No more—my breath comes painfully—dull
sounds

Murmur around—Bury me with my Mother—
Raise tombs of honour—to our memory—
And grave on mine—the motto I have loved—
Prophetick—may it prove—Time unveils Truth !

FAKENHAM.

Her last words !—her lips quiver—her eyes
close—

Hold up the cross ! she sees—she—smiles—she
dies !

[*The Queen dies.*]

Enter OXFORD and UNDERHILL.

FAKENHAM.

Too late you come, my lord—all that remains
Of Mary Tudor sleeps till the last trumpet !
How fares the Cardinal ?

OXFORD.

He too is gone.
Some one brought rumour that the Queen was
dying—

Whereat he suddenly grew pale ; then smiled ;
And cried, in act of death, " Receive my soul !—
Together we will rise to our Redeemer ! "

FAKENHAM.

So, at our need, hath perished our last hope !
For first in worth, as place, was he in council ;
And knew so well the interests of the State
Where with God's law entwined, that he became
Restorer of Religion ; and made perfect
The shattered superstructure of the realm.
—What birth, outside the purple, was so glorious
As his, whose sire and mother both derived
Their lineage from the throne ? The Church's
champion,

He of her sons was the most moderate.
His learning was profound ; his heart all bounty.
From youth he shunned the world. The privacy
Of rural life, pure air, the quiet stars,
Enamel'd meadows, breath of woods and
streams—

At these, the breasts of Nature, he imbibed
Devotion—and so nursed his soul for heaven.
He travelled through that land whose names are
story ;
Beheld Rome's wonders ; spiritually tasting
The intellectual flavour of an age
Whose noblest were his mates in after time.

When Harry probed him touching the divorce,
He lashed the royal vice, and woke its fury :
But God was his protection. Long he lived
A voluntary exile ; watchful, studious.
Behold him next, a Cardinal, at Trent,
Presiding o'er the Council : then at Rome,
Refusing the great Christian bishoprick :
At Mentz, once more, a mild recluse ; his soul
To letters, which he loved, and pious needs,
Devoted : and at last, recalled to England ;
Restorer of the Cross !

OXFORD.

Amid the torrent
Of manifold opinions stood the Queen ;
A rock, whose firm-fixed base defied all floods.
God set her on the throne of his own tower :
And, in his mercy, sent this Cardinal
To strengthen and to guide her.

FAKENHAM.

His was not
The tactique of the soldier : he advanced
His counsel with persuasion ; ever suing
The royal heart for merciful awards ;
While sterner men, or weaker, frowned or wavered.

OXFORD.

We have beheld these lights—but not preserved
them ;

Now quenched for ever !

FAKENHAM.

England ! my poor country !

Soiled with impiety, and blood of martyrs ;
Shall Henry's sin never be expiated ?
Shall his blind passions through our pangs be
punished ?

His blasphemies entail persistent error ?
The limit and far scope of evil deeds
God metes alone, who metes their punishment.
Man has but to revere while he submits !

OXFORD.

If ever victim to a broken heart
Hath died, she lies before us. Awful Queen !
Hardly of thee Posterity shall judge—
For they shall measure thee—

UNDERHILL.

Let me speak, Sir ;
For I have known, and been protected by her,
When fierce men thirsted for my blood. I say not
That she was innocent of grave offence ;
Nor aught done in her name extenuate.
But I insist upon her maiden mercies,
In proof that cruelty was not her nature.
She abrogated the tyrannic laws
Made by her father. She restored her subjects

To personal liberty ; to judge and jury ;
Inculcating impartiality.
Good laws, made or revived, attest her fitness
Like Deborah to judge. She loved the poor :
And fed the destitute : and they loved her.
A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
Of cruelty had been done under her,
As by her. To equivocate she hated :
And was just what she seemed. In fine she was
In all things excellent while she pursued
Her own free inclination without fear !

[*The curtain falls.*]

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Mary Tudor

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